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No 421

#### WHEN IT WAS TOO LATE.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

I thought I would tell her I loved her When the Spring came over the hill, But the Summer came, and my secret I kept a secret still.

I said, "Ere the close of Summer I will go to her and say The words I meant to have told her When the year was in its May."

But I waited, and Summer ended, And I thought, "Ere Autumn's done I will tell her the old, old story, And her hand shall be lost or won."

But I waited, as in the Summer, Foolishly dreading to speak, When I knew that the sound of my footsteps Brought a glow to her eye and cheek.

It was not that I feared refusal, Not that I doubted my heart; Only a man's weak waiting That kept our lives apart. They said in the time of Christmas A lover was at the Hall, And then I waited no longer, Fearful of losing all.

I went to her and told her What I ought to long before. 'You have asked too late," she answered, And showed me the ring she wore.

But I knew if I had not waited And dallied with my fate, I'd have won the hand I asked for, But I asked for it too late.

## Joe Phenix,

### THE POLICE SPY

A story of the Great City of the Western World in the light and in the shade; in the broad glare of the noonday sun and under the silver beams of the moon; a tale of the men who prey, shark-like, upon their kind, and of the secret blood-hounds of the law, who, through many a devious, winding way, hunt the wily villains down to their dark, dishonored graves.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

CHAPTER V. THE BOHEMIANS.

DARKNESS was falling rapidly upon the busy streets of the great metropolis.

The sons and daughters of toil were hurrying home from their daily avocations, and all the central avenues on the east side of town were filled with people

Lights were beginning to gleam n the windows, and the long lines of tenement-houses to wear their usual nightly appearance.

Up the narrow stairs of a dark and dingy tenement-house on avenue A a man was climb-

ing.

No common man was this; no hard-handed son of toil a hundred like him to be encountered on every block in the crowded avenue, but a fellow

so unlike the common run of men, that even in a crowd he would have excited immediate at-Tall, well-formed; short-cut yellow hair; a Tall, well-formed; short-cut yellow hair; a long, drooping mustache and pointed chin-piece; a full, handsome face, wherein shone keen, gray-blue eyes, odd and peculiar in their light; the face, massive and full of resolution; dressed plainly—carelessly, in a well-worn suit of dark stuff, with a high-crowned, broad-brim med felt hat tilted back on his head; a close ob-server of city life and of city men would have

no difficulty at all in guessing at what manner of man he was, although he lacked the long, flowing locks common to the species—"Bohe-Man."
A son of Bohemia—not the Bohemia, far across the stormy seas in the German land, but the Bohemia of the crowded metropolis—the mystic land from whence the sons and daughters

of genius spring.

The Bohemia of the actor, the artist, the writer, the musician; in fine, of nearly all that vast class whose sole business it is to amuse the

world.

In the olden days the roving bands of Gipsies were termed Bohemians, and as they were fortune-tellers, conjurers, dancers or players, who gained a living by amusing the idle hours of the busy, honest, toiling world, when in time the stage, the opera, the press supplanted these wanderers, the new-comers, children of genius, who gained their bread by the aid of their wits instead of by manual labor, succeeded to the name, and thus it is that Bohemia flourishes to-day in the midst of all our large cities.

So, when we speak of a man as being "a Bohemian," we mean that he is a talented, clever fellow—a genius whose business it is to astonish

fellow—a genius whose business it is to astonish the sober world at large, and who—ten chances to one—will some day die a miserable death and

Reginald Percy this good-looking fellow terms himself, and he occupies a small room on the fifth floor of the old tenement-house.

There were some twelve families in the house,

There were some twelve families in the house, two on each floor, and though each set of rooms only comprised four apartments, yet two or three of the families managed to get along with a couple of rooms, and so either to let furnished apartments, or to take boarders.

The poor huddle together like sheep in this great, overgrown city of New York.

Just one month had Percy been an inmate of the house, and he had briefly said upon taking possession of his quarters, a little bedroom in the rear on the fifth floor, that his name was Reginald Percy, and that he was a writer by profession.

The landlady, a hard-faced, sour-looking wo-man, known as Mrs. Charlotte Durpoint, dress-maker, who contrived to get along with two rooms and rented the others with board, was not much given to gossip, and, although some of the tenants of the house had noticed the man so striking in his appearance, and commented upon it, yet who he was was not generally



Crouching close to the wall, with his hand on his revolver, he waited for the approach of the two strangers.

denizens of the hives of the great city, strange

to say.

Possibly the constant struggle with the gaunt monster, cruel Want, checks the exchange of confidences, for it is a fact that a family may live for years in a tenement house, occupied by fifteen or twenty families, and yet not know a single soul within the building besides the janitor who takes charge of it.

Percy unlocked the door of his apartment and centered.

entered.
Striking a match he lit a small coal-oil lamp

entered.

Striking a match he lit a small coal-oil lamp which was upon the table.

Hardly had he performed this operation when there was a low tap upon the door.

In some surprise, for he was never troubled with visitors, Percy opened the door, revealing the person of his landlady, Mrs. Durpoint.

"I want to speak a few words with you," the lady said, briefly.

As we have informed the reader, in person she was stern and forbidding, a woman above the medium hight, coarse featured, angularly built, with a very masculine appearance.

It was quite evident that her battle with the world had been a hard one and that she had suffered in the fight.

Percy withdrew a step or two so that the landlady could enter, which she immediately did, closing the door carefully behind her.

"You had better sit down, as what I have to say may occupy some time," Mrs. Durpoint said, in her harsh, vinegar-toned voice, at the same time helping herself to a chair.

Percy looked astonished, but he only nodded his head and sat down upon the side of the bed; the apartment only boasted a single chair.

"Tm a woman of the world," Mrs. Durpoint began, "Pve seen a good deal of life, and I generally minds my own business."

Percy nodded, as much as to say that he accepted this statement without question.

"I don't interfere with my neighbors much, I don't," she continued, "but Pm no fool, and I guess that I can see what's afore my eyes as well as most folks. Mr. Percy, you're jest awasting your time, and you might as well know it first as last."

"Wasting my time?" he observed, slowly, a peculiar look in his keen eyes, out of the cor-

"Wasting my time?" he observed, slowly, a peculiar look in his keen eyes, out of the cor-ners of which he was intently regarding the

woman.

"Of course you don't know what I mean—am utterly surprised and all that sort of thing!" she exclaimed, with an indignant snort. "I see I've got to speak right plain, for I, for one, don't believe in beating about the bush. When you came here and wanted to take this room and board with me you said your name was Percy, and that you wrote for the newspapers, and I never contradicted you, although I knew jest as well who you were—for I've seen you afore—as if you were my own brother."

The man did not manifest any astonishment at this declaration; there was no change perceptible in his features except that a few wrinkles appeared on his forehead.

kles appeared on his forehead.

"You said your name was Percy and you paid in advance; that was all right; that satisfied me; I knew that you war up to something, but it war none of my business I thought; but now that I find out what your game is, I see that I might as well take a hand, too, for without my saver he able to do any or without me you'll never be able to do any-

Yes?" said the man, in the most non-com-

mittal manner possible.

"True as true can be!" exclaimed the woman, decidedly. "You want this girl, Adalia Cummerton, but you don't stand any more chance of getting her than you do of the moon."

"Indeed!" and Percy's haughty lip curled just bit.

a bit.
"Why a man like you should want to waste
your time on such a shallow-faced chit, or take
such trouble about a girl not much better than
a street beggar is a wonder; but you know your
own business, of course, and that matter is pon it, yet who he was was not generally nothing to me; but you won't succeed; there's another man in the way."

Percy gave close attention now.

can perform?" he asked.
"Of course I don't mean by fair means," she answered, tartly. "Openly and honestly she'll never be yours. I had a talk with her to-day, and I jest sounded her about the matter. I told her that I guessed that you and she would make a match, but she turned as white as death and shuddered at the year thought. Wind you the a match, but she turned as white as ceath and shuddered at the very thought. Mind you, the bare idea frightened the girl. 'Oh, no!' she cried, 'I shall never marry anybody—there is a grave between me and the love of any honest man!' and she meant it, too; but I guess the butcher boy would be able to make her think

butcher boy would be able to make her think differently. But there's some mystery about her past life; she's as dumb as an oyster about it. You jest think over what I've said; a few hundred dollars is nothing to you," and the woman rose to go. "I'll fix the job for you, for there's something about the girl that makes me hate her, although I can't tell what it is."

And then Mrs. Durpoint departed, leaving the man to meditate upon the offer.

CHAPTER VI.

BENEATH THE EARTH. NEVER was there a man more thoroughly taken by surprise than the handsomely-dressed stranger when the concealed trap opened beneath his feet and he was precipitated into the purply englished by

wful gulf below.

And the moment he passed through the trap, the parted sides again sprung back into their places. It was a cunningly-devised piece of machinery, and when the surface of the trap was covered with a few inches of earth, as it had been upon the entrance of the stranger into the cellar, no instinct of mortal man could have detected the dangerous countrivance.

meet the shock.

Thoughts come quickly in such moments of peril, and during the time of the descent the man had speculated as to the nature of the fate that awaited him.

"An old well, undoubtedly," his thoughts ran, "and with water enough to drown me like a helpless rat; no chance of escape, no hope of rescue, even if I can succeed in clinging to the stones of the sides and so for a time evade a watery death. The police will come—they will search the old rookery when I am missed, but the odds are a hundred to one that they will not discover the trap in the cellar; and if they do, the chances are that, long before that time, I shall be past all mortal help, for even if I can

"A butcher boy—keeps in the market on the next block; the girl got acquainted with him when she used to go after my meat, as she does sometimes now. I met them out walking last Sunday night. Until he's out of the way, you won't get the girl, and even if you succeed in arranging that matter, I doubt if you will ever get her. But if you say the word, and agree to pay me my price, I'll give her to you."

Percy laughed—a light hollow laugh with very little merriment in it.

"Are you not promising me more than you can perform?" he asked.

"Of course I don't mean by fair means," she

shivered when to his ears came the sounds of the clods of earth falling upon the surface of the trap.

So might a man buried alive and struggling within the close confines of his narrow coffin, suddenly revived to consciousness, hear the shovelfuls of earth falling with dull thud upon his wooden prison-house.

To be buried alive! A fearful thought—more terrible perhaps to this man, alive, well, in full possession of all his faculties, every limb unfettered, than to the helpless tenant of the undertaker's coffin. He, so well prepared to struggle for life, muscular, cunning in all the tricks of for life, muscular, cunning in all the tricks of the wrestler's and boxer's art, a match for a half-score of ordinary men, to perish in this un-timely way, conquered by a foe who shrewdly denied him the chance to exert the strength and skill he possessed to such a wondrous de

> The sounds above soon ceased, the silence of the tomb ensued, and the police spy realized that his triumphant foes had abandoned him to his miserable fate.

What earthly chance had he to escape?
He rose to his feet.
He did not despair, this man of iron nerve,

for hard fortune and he had shaken hands daily for many a long year.

Amply provided was he for all emergencies; fully armed, a small self-cocking revolver in each side-pocket, a third thrust into the inside pocket of his vest, and a six-inch bowie-knife, pocket of his vest, and a six-nich bowie-knife, keen as a razor, snug in a leathern sheath at his side, handy to his right hand, an open attack would have been boldly met; and, in addition to his weapons, he carried in his coat-pocket a small but powerful bull's-eye lantern.

Igniting a match, he lit the lantern and proceeded to take a survey of the prison-house into

ceeded to take a survey of the prison-house into which he had been so unceremoniously intro-

As he had surmised, it was an old well, about the entire surface was so smooth that the prisoner perceived at a glance that it would be a nopeless task to attempt to scale them, even if there was any chance of forcing open the heavy

there was any chance of forcing open the neavy trap-door above.

The disappearance of the water from the well was easily accounted for. Right opposite to each other were two openings in the walls, each one about four feet high by three feet broad.

The police spy at once guessed the riddle.

"Some subterranean stream has forced in the

from the mud in which the remains were partially imbedded.

tially imbedded.

The clothes of the victim had long since rotted away and disappeared, the rats and other vermin of the underground passage had feasted full upon the flesh, and naught but the white and polished bones remained.

It was plain that the man—the discoverer assumed that it was a man—had been stabbed in the den above and then hurled into the old well, the murderers never even taking the trouble to remove the knife with which the deed had been done, but had left it sticking in the body.

been done, but had left it sticking in the body.

"Heaven give me strength and ability to bring these wretches to justice!" he cried in stern accents. "I was buried within this old well that I might be forever silenced, for it is went that I might be forever shenced, for it is plain that in some mysterious way my errand was suspected and my death decreed; but fate wills that I shall not only escape but bear with me the story of this hidden crime, which else might never have seen the light. If I could only find some clew now by means of which I could discover who the victim was, perhaps I wight he able to hims the deed how to the very

could discover who the victim was, perhaps I might be able to bring the deed home to the perpetrators."

Then, acting on this thought, he bent over, and by the aid of the brilliant light of the lantern closely examined the ghastly remains.

The ways of fate are sometimes marvelously strange, and often the merest chance leads to the detection of the most skillfully concealed crime.

Murder will out, they say, and, in truth, the old adage sometimes is wonderfully cor-

A little heap of earth resting against one of the rib bones attracted the keen eyes of the

spy.
It looked to him as if something was hidden In a second he proved that his suspicion was

Inside of the heap was a small package about ght inches long by four wide, and about an inch

thick.

Carefully removing the thick coating of mud which besmeared the package, the spy discovered to his intense satisfaction that the article was a large Russia-leather pocket-book, securely wrapped in a long piece of cloth.

"A clew! a clew!" he cried in glee. "Heaven for the moment allowed these villains seemingly to triumph, only that, in the end, their crime should be discovered, and they, the guilty ones, brought to justice!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE LEGACY OF DEATH. WITH a nervous hand the bloodhound of the law unrolled the wrapper which had protected the book from the ravages of the water so well,

and opened it.

It contained only a single article; just a common sheet of note-paper, folded lengthwise.

The spy opened it; the sheet was filled with closely-written characters traced in pencil, but, thanks to the care with which the pocket-book had been prepared, the writing was still quite legible notwithstanding the exposure it had un-

It was indorsed at the head as follows:

THE STATEMENT OF MILTON BULLCASTOR." "Oho!" cried the spy, as he read the bold and mly-written line; "I remember nim, or, at firmly-written line; "I remember him, or, at least, the name is familiar to me. Let me think—who was he?"

For a moment he puzzled over the question, and then all of a sudden the remembrance

"I have it now!" he exclaimed. Bullcastor, lawyer, of the firm of Bullcastor and Bullcastor, their office on lower Broadway; father and son; Milton was the father; he disappeared about a year ago, and when his affairs came to be examined, it was discovered that he had appropriated to his own use about eighty or ninety thousand dollars, trust funds commit ted to his care by his clients. He had speculated in stocks, lost largely, and finding that he was on the verge of discovery, he helped him-self to all the funds that he could lay hold of, self to all the funds that he could lay hold of, and disappeared; supposed to have escaped to Brazil. These are his bones, I presume. He found a grave in this hole, while all the world supposed that he was enjoying his ill-gotten gains in far-off Brazil. And his money—the money of which he robbed his trusting clients—who got that? The villains who murdered him? Yes, no doubt of it!"

The police say again recovered.

The police spy again resumed the perusal of

machinery, and when the surface of the trap, was covered with a tow inches of eartin, as is had been upon the entrance of the stranger above. The stranger of the fall was broken by the soft nature of the ground beneath, and, although well shaken up the fall, the man received no material damage.

Twelve feet at least he fell, but the shock of ground beneath, and, although well shaken up the fall, the man received no material damage.

The police spy at once guessed the riddle.

The police spy at once guesse As I am apprehensive that I shall never quit

Carefully the police spy perused the paper, and a gleam of joy illuminated his stern face.

"Aha, I have them safe enough if I can only "Aha, I have them safe enough if I can only succeed in escaping from this hole!" he exclaimed. "This Percy—he is evidently the chief of the gang. This guilty fugitive predicted his fate only too correctly. The fifty-pound notes should be easily traced. It would be a rare stroke of luck if at the first attempt I should succeed in bringing these daring and bloody-handed villains to justice. But, what course had I better pursue? Let me think!"

For a few moments the spy meditated over the matter.

the matter.

"I will replace the pocket-book, leave everything just as they were when I discovered them, then have the police make a descent upon the place and examine this pit. The knife, too, with which the deed was evidently done may lead to the discovery of the murderers."

the discovery of the murderers."

Carefully then he replaced the paper in the pocket-book, wound the cloth around it, returned it to its original position and covered it with the sticky soil.

"And now to escape from this den of horrors," he muttered, casting a searching glance into the open, tunnel-like space at his right hand. Hardly had he done so when a cry of amaze-

ment broke from his lips.

Afar off up the narrow tunnel was a gleam of light—a yellow star cutting the Egyptian-like ot a stationary light but one in motion, evi-

dently coming from a lantern borne by human hands.

"It is steadily advancing," the spy muttered.
"I must be cautious; more likely foes than friends. The chances are great that my presence here is not suspected, for the light of my lantern is directed against the wall," but even as he spoke he shut off the light of the bull's-eye and utter darkness again reigned.

Crouching close to the wall, with his hand on one of his revolvers, he waited for the approach of the strangers.

Nearer and nearer came the light; soon he could distinguish that the bearer of the lantern was not alone, but accompanied by a single

companion.

The first thought of the police spy was that the twain were a pair of the thieves coming to complete their work, but when the new-comers came so near that their words could be distinguished, he saw at once that he was in error.

"Mon Dieu! I am afraid that we shall never find our way out!" the man with the lantern exclaimed

"Oh, keep on, father; this passage must lead somewhere," the other replied.

The two then entered into the well and a cry of astonishment came from them as they beheld the tall figure of the police spy, now standing erect by the wall.

The new-comers were father and son, as their words indicated, Frenchmen evidently, dressed poorly, their clothes now covered with mud, but

"Do not be alarmed," the spy said; "I presume that you, like myself, have lost your way in the sewer, and are now trying to find your

way out."
With the appearance of the two men the true solution of the riddle as to the drainage of the old well had flashed instantly upon the mind of

A sewer had been run through it, and the thieves, ignorant of it, supposed when they threw their victims down the well that there was no escape for them.

"Yes, sir," responded the old man, "my son

"Yes, sir," responded the old man, "my son and myself are very poor, and we supposed that by descending into the sewers we might be able to pick up some valuable articles, but the sewers here are not like those of Paris. We lost our way, and for the last two hours we have been wandering vainly about endeavoring to find a way out."

"This way, I think, leads to the river," the spy said, pointing to the other side of the welk "By following it then we can get out?"

because in winter she preferred it, as she invariably were and preferred white in summer—black of thick soft cashmere trimmed with a profusion of shining jet bugles that made a curious little sound when she walked, and that just now, as she stood so perfectly still, with no preath of wind to stir even a trees of the interest. breath of wind to stir even a tress of the intensely black, glossy hair that was swept loosely, wavingly off her lovely forehead, were all a glitter in the late afternoon sunshine.

Beyond her the river spread and widened until the further shore looked more than a mile away; between her and Steele Conway was nothing to break his view of her, as he walked up, quick, still to where she stood out so clearly defined against the clear western sky whose blue tint was fading already into the tender gray that precedes the sunsetting.

She had not heard his footsteps until he had reached her nearly enough to speak to her and

reached her nearly enough to speak to her, and then a little sudden horror and repulsion came into her wistful eyes—such lovely, passionate, unsatisfied eyes—as he spoke to her.

received ber nearly enough to speak to bee, and then a little audiden horror and pair depulsion cannot into the wistful speak and the maintenance of the speak and the spe

And she-well, Rosamond thought this morn-And she—well, Rosamond thought this morning that rather than let this man take her in his arms and kiss her she would jump from the mossy gray bowlder into the icy river.

All the pressure brought to bear upon her in Steele Conway's favor had been in vain. All his own pleadings had but added to her distrust and dislike, and yet—here he was to-day expectable by her.

She turned her woeld lace sharply toward him.

"Yes, I am glad—no! no!—I must not be glad, for something is the matter. Oh, Mr. Meridon, I—" Me

and dislike, and yet—here he was to-day expected by her.

A fortnight ago he had made her a proposal of marriage, to which she had replied by return mail in a courteous negative. By the next mail he wrote again, urging his suit ardently, arguing his case with an eager masterfulness that for the first time made her admire a characteristic of his, and assuring her he was not at all disposed to take her "no" for a final answer. That he was willing to wait, and that he should

To this last letter Rosamond had made no reply. She knew the character of the man well enough to be sure he would personally come to

enough to be sure he would personally come to further press his suit, and knowing so perfectly well that nothing would be likely to induce her to change her mind, she had not much cared whether he came or not.

So he had come, and failing to find her in the house, had gone down to the river to meet her, wearing an expression of exultant delight in his eyes as he went down the road; an expression he vailed with one of worshiping reverence, as after what he intended for his merry rence, as, after what he intended for his merry verence, as, after what he intended for his merry bantering greeting, he walked beside her to-ward home, looking in her face at its grave in-difference, then striving to banish that odd expression of exulting satisfaction from his

own.

Rosamond was the first to break the brief silence that fell upon them; and she broke it with her eyes full on his face.

"You have taken a very great deal of trouble, Mr. Conway, which I am sorry will be so thanklessly repaid."

There was no mistaking her meaning—one that any ordinary man would have felt bound to accept.

to accept.
Steele Conway smiled—not even trying to hide that curious exultation, as he answered

her:

"Which pleasant way of putting it, means no, Rosamond? I have not traveled seven hundred miles to hear you refuse me so coolly. My object is to have you for my wife, and I intend to accomplish my object before I return."

She flashed him a wondering, haughty look. He met it almost defiantly, for all the smile that curled his handsome lips, and went on, coolly, deliberately:

curled his handsome lips, and went on, coolly, deliberately:

"I tried honestly to win your love by the strength and force of my own. I have failed, I see—not so much, I take it, because of my own unworthiness, as of my misfortune in being second in the lists, with Pierce Meridon for my rival. You thought, because you had never spoken his name, I did not know. You see I do; and, although I would rather have triumphed over him because you chose me above him, still I am content to purchase my victory at another cost. You will marry me, Rosamond, although you love Meridon. Do you want me to tell you why?"

Rosamond had listened; wonderingly, haugh-

Rosamond had listened; wonderingly, haugh Kosamond had inscened; wonderingly, haughtilly, with surges of warm color flowing and ebbing in her cheeks. As Conway finished, she flashed a witheringly scornful glance at him, and instinctively gathered the soft folds of her dress further away from him, as if his proximity were contamination. He saw and understood, and back of his set teeth, covered by miling lips, he recorded a vow that she should epay him well for it.

epay him well for it.
"I have hitherto supposed you were at least a gentleman; I now discover my mistake. If Mr. Meridon is to be brought into discussion, I greatly prefer he shall have the amusement of

greatly prefer he shall have the amusement of hearing your remarks. Be so good as to consider yourself—dismissed."

His teeth fairly grated against each other, but he kept his wrath well.

"You would be utterly cruel to me, Rosamond, but I shall not allow it. Listen, one moment, please. You have seen fit to—dismiss me. If I obey, it shall be to go directly from your presence to that of a magistrate, before whom, if you do not consent to marry me, I will lay a forged check I have in my possession—a paper which is the incontrovertible proof of your father's crime—a crime committed a month ago, of which you never knew, which no one but he and I know, from the consequences of which nothing can save him from being inside the jail within an hour, with the charming prospect of being transferred to the charming prospect of being transferred to the State's prison for years."

"It is likely."

And then to the ears of the speakers there came a strange, hollow sound.

They gazed at each other in wonder, but the mystery was soon solved by the sudden rush of a large body of water into the well.

The tide was rising!

(To be continued—commenced in No. 420.)

ROSAMOND was standing so perfectly still on the high gray bowlder that had been on the bank of the swift deep river hundreds and hundreds of years, that Steele Conway, walking silently, rapidly toward her, thought how like an exquisite statue she looked—tall, graceful, elegant in the marble repose of her position.

She wore black, as usual, not mourning, but because in winter she preferred with it in summer black of thick soft cashmere trimmed with a profusion of shining jet bugles that made a curious little sound when she walked, and that just now, as she stood so perfectly still, with no thirty years—"
Rosamond gave a little gasp of horror.

"You cruel, heartless wretch! You—"
All the smiles died out of his fair, steely face.
"You may one day regret having called your
husband such an unflattering name. Is it yes,
and things to go on as they are going, or no,
and its consequences?"
Things to go ones they were going! The hore

and things to go on as they are going, or no, and its consequences?"

Things to go on as they were going! The horrible sareasm made a faint sickness grasp her heart, and fade the light of the day into a dull glimmer. As they were—she to go on respecting her father, she to go on thinking of Pierce Meridon, free to love him with all her heart, free to take him when he should ask her! It was impossible that it ever could go on that blessed way again.

On the other side—and when she tried to reason her way out of it, her soul shrunk in sick horror and pain from it all.

That evening she went quietly down in the parlor where Steele Conway awaited her, having generously offered her two hours of grace.

"I am forced to accept you on your own terms. I wish you to distinctly understand that even if there was no other one I loved, your mercilessness to me would have effectually prevented even my respect for you. But, for my mother's sake, to save her the home she loves so well, for my father's sake, I will marry you."

Those two hours of grace had not been idle

Ah, I was very awkward; I beg your par-n. I had not heard. Pray forgive my stu-lity. Miss Rosamond—I will say good-eve-

ning."

And that was as near to, and yet so far from happiness, as Rosamond had ever known—poor little dark-eyed girl!

After that, the preparations for the wedding went on rapidly, and the days were very much alike except that each brought more utter sickness of heart to her, more utter despair of the future that held no faintest gleam of promising happiness.

happiness.
In those days she seldom saw Pierce Meridon.
It was better so, she knew, and yet her heart
was starved for the sound of his voice, the
touch of his hand. And to think she would
have to live on and on, never daring to love
him—she, the wife of another man, whom she
hert and demised where weeenee made her

hated and despised, whose presence made her shiver in disgust.

It was terrible—the experience of those days —the particular experience of one particular day when there came to her a letter, hastily penciled on a leaf torn from Pierce Meridon's

"By the merest accident I have just overheard enough of a conversation between your father and the man you are to marry to understand why you are lost to me, if you will let yourself be lost to me, if you will permit the infamous sacrifice that shall doom you to misery all your life. Think again—on your knees think of it—let me come and save you—let me stand between you and a trouble that will not make you so hopelessly wretched as this sacrilegious marriage—let me come because I love you, because you love me. Send for me to come."

And as she was reading it she heard Steele

And as she was reading it she heard Steele Conway's light sarcastic laugh over her shoul-

der.
"Shall you answer that precious epistle,
Rosamond? Shall he 'come?"
And then, fear was added to her other horror of him, as she met his smiling, murderously-smiling eyes that had read her letter, to which she sent her answer, later that day.

Only this: "God bless you for your words, but nothing can be changed. Good-by forever."

That was one week before the wedding. the seven intervening days went by and the hour came when, before the few selected friends who had come to grace the occasion in the parwho had come to grace the occasion in the parlors at home, Rosamond stood up in her white marriage robes, beside Steele Conway, and the minister was reading the solemnly-beautiful service, and the question was asked who would give Rosamond away—just as with a sudden lividness spreading over his face, and a sudden clutching at his collar, and a sudden gasp of agony, Rosamond's father, for whom she was deliberately sacrificing her young life—Rosamond's father, perhaps because the heart-breaking pity of it all affected him so strongly—fell to the floor in an apopletic fit from which, ten the floor in an apopletic fit from which, ten inutes later, he died—died in the wedding othes, with Rosamond's arms around his neck.

rooms below, with disturbed countenance and silent curses on his lips, Rosamond and her be-wildered mother and Pierce Meridon and the minister, to whom a strange romance had been briefly, convincingly told, were assembled in a quiet room, and a marriage ceremony was performed that forever freed Rosamond Meridon from the power of Steele Conway; the ceremony, the knowledge of which made that gentleman rave and threaten, and finally disappear in bitter disappointment and jealous fury.

And a ceremony which was like the opening

And a ceremony which was like the opening of the gold-and-jeweled gates of Heaven to the girl who reaped fair harvests of happiness ever

MINNIE DALE. BY JOSEPH D. MILLER.

Beautiful as the sweet dawning
Of an early summer day,
Or the flowers in her garden,
Or the song-birds' happy lay,
Beautiful as crystal dew-drops
Sparkling in the sun's bright ray.

And a voice of angel sweetness,
Like the laughing water's flow,
And blue eyes like liquid violets,
Fringed with lashes drooping low,
That can flash with flery passion,
Or with gentle mischief glow.

God grant she may still remain Ever gentle, sweet and fair, And may heaven-sent angels guard, Watch and ward her everywhere, And may virtue's emblem gleam Ever brightly in her hair!

Madcap,

The Little Quakeress; The Naval Cadet's Wooing.

A Romance of the Best Society of the Penn City. BY CORINNE CUSHMAN,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "WAR OF HEARTS," "BRAVE BARBARA," ETC. CHAPTER XX. HE COULD NOT LIVE WITHOUT HER!

"GIVE me a little time!" pleaded poor Ethel, as e Cuban stood before her, looking her through

the Cuban stood before her, looking her through with those keen eyes.

Her whole being shrunk from the woman. If she could she would have sunk through the floor to escape that look. A strong shuddering took hold of her—a retiring of her soul into its own depths, to hide from that scrutiny.

Ethel, in the days of her prosperity, when she had ruled queen of the house and queen of her set, had been a very proud girl. Not arrogant—kind to the poor and sympathetic with others' woes—yet with a strong sense of the worth of blood, and that refinement which comes from several generations of culture. She had been proud of her father and his family. She had an unspoken but active idea that she was of better clay than made up the majority of mankind—that she was bound to be very gentle and considerate with her inferiors—but they were inferiors.

She turned her woeful face sharply toward I have been a bad, wicked woman in my day. was very handsome when I was a girl; and I had ideas in my head of being more than people like me are generally. I flattered myself that my beauty would catch me a gentleman for a

my beauty would catch me a gentleman for a husband.

"I admired the young gentleman who came to see my young ladies. When I found that he would pay no attention to me, I was jealous and I felt revengeful. So did Doma Marie, poor lady. We entered into each other's feelings as completely as if she wasn't a lady and I her maid. But you know the story; I won't repeat it. When the proposition to exchange babies was made to me, I not only saw a chance to spite my master, but I saw a chance to spite my master, but I saw a chance to advance my own darling daughter.

"She should be a lady, if I could not! The haughty gentleman should lavish his caresses and his wealth on my child—should love her as his own—should give her, in good time, to some rich lover, who would keep his wife in diamonds and give her a golden dish to eat out of every day.

day.

The idea tickled me; it was not hard to persuade me to do that wicked thing. Girl! you ought not to blame me so much! Had I not done baby to be crooned to sleep—below the little better than a slave on some Cuban plantation!—no edication, no manners of a fine lady. You could not have played the pianner, nor painted them pretty pictures I see here, nor looked so like a queen. I'm proud of you now; and I don't want you to feel hard to me. I've got some money laid up for you; and I've no doubt you can make as good a match as any of 'em yet.

"And I've done as well by that other girl as I could.

"I done all I could for her. My conscience "I done all I could for her my conscience are rewarded to sleep—below the little bed in the attic which she had rented to fit the little bed in the attic which she had rented to fit the little bed in the attic which she had rented to fit the little bed in the attic which she had rented to fit the little bed in the attic which she had rented to fit the little bed in the attic which she had rented to fit the little bed in the attic which she had rented to fit the little bed in the attic which she had rented to fit the little bed in the attic which she had rented to fit the little bed in the attic which she had rented to fit the little bed in the attic which she had rented to fit the little bed in the attic which she had rented to fit the little bed in the attic which she had rented to fit the little bed in the attic which she had rented to fit the little bed in the attic which she had rented to fit the little bed in the attic which she had rented to fit the little bed in the attic which she had rented to siep for the little bed in the attic which she had rented to siep for the little bed in the attic which she had rented to fit the little bed in the attic which she had rented to siep for the little bed in the attic which she had rented to siep for the little bed in the little bed in the little bed in the attic which she had rented to siep for the little bed in the little bed in th

"I done all I could for her. My conscience couldn't bear it, to see her growing up, a'most like the negro children on the plantation. So I made up a plan; and when she was between nine and ten, I give out that she was dead, and I got her sperited away to a convent-school. I was well able to pay her way there, out of all the money that Donna Marie give me for always doing what she wanted; and I'd always have good wages and lots o' presents.

"So it was let on at the school that she was the niece of a rich old man, up in the mountings, who was edicating her for his heiress; and she never did a hand's turn of work, but was brought

never did a hand's turn of work, but was brought

who was edicating her for his heiress; and she never did a hand's turn of work, but was brought up like a lady. She gradiated in that convent last year. She sings, plays, talks French an' Italian, and embroiders beautiful.

"She's as handsome as a picture, like her poor mother was. She's just as much of a lady as if she had been brought up to home. She fully believes I'm her mother.

"Now, what I come to you about was this: you're my child. But I ain't going to torment you with that—I'm going to leave you alone to do as you please. You needn't never come a step with me, nor acknowledge me."

Here she stopped and contemplated, with bright, cunning eyes the face of Ethel, who stood, like a statue, gazing back at her.

"I come to see you about this. Seeing you can't have Cyrill Wainwright's property, anyhow—seeing I'm disappointed in my plans after all, and that little cat who was married to that gambler gets everything; and they'll both spend it as soon as they can—under the circumstances, will it not be best for me to confess to your lawyer, Mr. Dobell, and get him to bring forward Mr. Weinwright's real dangethers's eleims? will it not be best for me to confess to your lawyer, Mr. Dobell, and get him to bring forward
Mr. Wainwright's real daughter's claims?
Don't you think that girl ought to be set up in
her rights? If the, conspiracy between me and
Donna Marie is proved, don't you think the
courts will set aside the will and restore the
property to his daughter?" As she concluded
these questions, an indescribable gleam of anxiety, artfulness, and avarice showed in her eyes.

"Yes," Ethel answered, after a moment's consideration.

sideration.
"Is it my duty to criminate myself to give

wright's daughter is dead, and that she is mistress of everything!"

"Why did you deceive her?"

"There were some matters I wanted her to tell me about; and I could not win her confidence without promise of gain to her. I wished her to marry well, too, while she had the reputation of being her uncle's heiress."

"Cruel kindness!" whispered Ethel, thinking of John Garwell and the sort of husband he would make to a poor girl.

"Will you send for the lawyer? May I meet him here?"

him here?"
"Better here than anywhere else."
"When?"
"I must have

"To-morrow evening. I must have time to send for him and have a talk with him, first." "Shall I come at eight to-morrow evening, then?"
"Yes."

The woman drew nearer to the shivering You don't care to own me, I suppose," she

"You don't care to own me, I suppose," she said, in a low voice. "I'm not going to interfere with your way of living. You're above me—far above me—and I won't vex and mortify you. I'll go away when the matter is settled: and you can live here as you do now. I have enough money to set you up nicely if you ever want to marry. I dare say you don't care to shake hands with me?"

Ethel made an effort to extend her ice-cold hand, but she could not do it—the shrinking in her was too great.

hand, but she could not do it—the shrinking in her was too great.

"Never mind, my pretty—I didn't expect it! I ain't going to worry you. Good-night—I'll be on hand to-morrow."

"My God! was there ever a poor, helpless girl tried as I am?" murmured Ethel, when the Cuban had backed softly out of the room and closed the door behind her. "This is worst of all! I knew it before she came, but I could not harden myself against such a meeting with such

"Certainly. Everybody sees it but you."

Impertinent!"
Who?—Mr. Evelyn or myself?"
Both of you. What business has he to think

"The same business that any earnest, honest man has, I suppose. He is a gentleman, I am sure, mademoiselle; and he has an education and a profession. He seems an excellent person—not one of your conceited, thistledown fellows, like Mr. Leigh."

"Lizette, don't worry me with talk about Mr. Evelyn. I do not intend ever to fall in love, or ever to marry. I have chosen my calling—to go on painting flowers forever—or until I am old and blind."

Lizette laughed in gay scorn of this declaration.

But, when she had taken up one of her companion's white hands and found how feverish it was, she coaxed her to go to bed, undid her rich mass of dark-brown hair for her, dropped rich mass of dark-brown hair for her, dropped some aconite in a wine-glass with water and gave her; and then, when she had tucked her up, sat by the bedside some time, softly singing in a sweet, soothing voice—as if Ethel were a baby to be crooned to sleep—before retiring to the little bed in the attic which she had rented of the landlady.

Lizette, plainly, would be a jewel of a maid, for any lady who should be so fortunate as to secure her services.

The next morning Ethel wrote a note to Mr. Dobell, asking him to call and see her as early in the day as convenient.

Lizette had taken herself off to her new place.

stead of Mr. Dobell, Mr. Evelyn came in.

Ethel showed her disappointment almost too plainly, so that the young lawyer grew somewhat embarrassed as he explained that the elder one was in court, conducting a case, and had sent him to take Miss Ethel's instructions.

"As I know all about your legal affairs, he considered that I might take his place for once," he concluded.

considered that I might take his place for once, he concluded.

"Very well," rejoined the lady, a little more coldly than she would have spoken were it not for those impertinent remarks of Lizette the previous day. "Olive has come to me at last, as I feared she would. She told me what you have tall me, and she wants to consult Mr. Do. have told me—and she wants to consult Mr. Do-bell, this evening, about restoring the stolen daughter to her proper position, and recovering

daughter to her proper position, and recovering her fortune."

Mr. Evelyn asked some questions, and they went on to discuss the matter at full length.

It was a lovely April day; the window was open to admit the soft air. Ethel was dressed in a soft, white morning wrapper; it was the first time Evelyn had seen her in white, and he could not refrain from noticing how much it became her—how lovely and girlish she looked in that simple robe, with a bunch of pinks in her dark hair, and a few violets pinned in the bosom of her dress. Her rich, dark complexion showed to the best advantage contrasted with white, her hair was in morning freedom, falling in long, heavy curls down to her shoulders. She looked so sweet, so young, so helpless, that Evelyn's eyes grew dim as he watched her. That proud look habitual with her, made her solitary life and her bitter humiliation of birth appear more pitiful.

"So she avers that she is your mother, as we feared?" he asked, very gently.
"Yes—oh, yes! A severe punishment for my aristocratic tendencies, is it not?" endeavoring to speak lightly, but the observant lawyer heard the thrill of pain in her voice and saw the quivering of the long, drooped lashes.

His heart swelled in his throat. He had intended to be year predent be yeary reserved.

"Yes," Ethel answered, after a moment's consideration.

"Is it my duty to criminate myself to give her her rights?"

"Yes. Undoubtedly. If you do not do it, now, I shall force you to do it, by betraying all you have told me. That poor victim of your wickedness has been kept out of her own too long! The amends you make must be swift and full. Since you have told me this, I shall not permit you to falter. Cyrill Wainwright's daughter must have all that belongs to her; every jot and tittle of her possessions must be restored to her."

A gleam of triumph could not be repressed in the Cuban's swarthy countenance.

"I am quite willing it shall be so," she responded, humbly.

"Poor Myra," murmured Ethel to herself; "she has already spent thrice over the \$10,000 that was bequeathed to her!"

"Speaking of that person," observed the woman, confidentially, "I have fooled her to the top of her bent. She thinks Cyrill Wainwright's daughter is dead, and that she is mistress of everything!"

"Why did you deceive her?" sweep me out of her presence as if I were a withered leaf—has driven me beyond my power of self-control. Still, it may be a source of pleasure to you that neither lowly birth, poverty or misfortune can make you other in my eyes than the sweetest and loveliest of women, whom I should be proud to defend in the face of the world. I have not given my love lightly—I have fought with desperation against it—because I knew how hopeless it was; such as it is, it is yours, to pity, to scorn, to trample on; or to take up and cherish. Would that I, instead of being poor and struggling, were a prince, an emperor, that I might better show you the regard I have for you."

Two or three times Ethel attempted to stop the passion of words which she did not care to hear; but the lover had risked his earthly hopes in speaking at this time, and now that he had

hear; but the lover had risked his earthly hopes in speaking at this time, and now that he had betrayed himself he was determined to go on.

"You do not care for me—I know that," he added, when she looked up at him, trying to frame her speech so as least to hurt him.

"No, Mr. Evelyn, I do not care for any man. And I do not think I ever shall. Thank you, for wishing to befriend me. You have proved your unselfish interest by what you have done for me in Cuba. Let us be friends still. Do not do anything, please, to prevent our being friends."

She looked at him so pitifully, so sadly, as she said this, that he was completely silenced. His

She looked at him so pitifully, so sadly, as she said this, that he was completely silenced. His pride had received no wound, for she had told him that she loved no man.

It was not so much that she could not love him as that she would love no one. She had learned to distrust professions of feeling, perhaps. Or her own griefs and perplexities were so absorbing that she had room for no other emotions.

emotions.

"Come with Mr. Dobell, this evening, and behold this real daughter, for whom I have so long been mistaken," she added, seeing him stand before her, silent and pale.

Evelyn bowed, and went away from the fair, sweet maiden, so humble and yet so proud, standing there with flushed cheeks and downcast eyes, so determined to give him no encouragement—went out into the fresh air—laden, in the little court, with the breath of violets—bearing a heavy heart.

"I cannot live without her!" he cried inwardly, as her image, clad in a soft white dress.

door At her bidding the door swung open, and the Cuban led in the young lady whom we have seen with her in their apartments.

"Miss Ethel," said the Cuban, "this is Olive—so called—but truly Ethel, while you are my

The two girls looked at each other with fasci-

The young stranger, careless and easy as was er manner, shrunk a little under the calm eyes

of the other.

Of the same age, both tall and of graceful figure, both lovely of face, no wonder that they faced each other—under the curious circumstances of their meeting—with feelings of deepest

But Ethel was not thinking so much even of the sumptuous charms of her rival as she was of another thing. Her one keen thought was to look for some feature of her father's in this bril-

She must be all mother," was her decision, after a moment—"I do not see one expression—one curve or feature of my father here!"
The Cuban looked from one to the other of the two girls, as they regarded each other.
There was a subtle glimmer of some thought not an honest one-in her watchful, brilliant

eyes.

But she had not long to continue her covert
and cuming regard; for Mr. Dobell, with
young Evelyn, arrived almost directly after

her.

In another moment Cadet Leigh also knocked at the door; and as Ethel had not the least objection to his hearing the discussion of the evening, he was invited in.

And now, on the appearance of these gentlemen, Ethel noticed a change in the girl whose history was so curiously linked in with her own. The dark eyes kindled, the velvety cheeks glowed, the lithe figure assumed most coquettish attitudes, and around the scarlet and budding lips played an almost insolent smile of expectation and triumph, which said, as plainly as words:

Behold, how beautiful I am-how worthy of all that you can do, gentlemen, to raise me to that high position in which I will reign the queen of loveliness and love."

gueen of lovelmess and love."

Ethel perceived, too, the impression which this splendid young creature made on her own true friend, Mr. Dobell. Men are easily dazzled by dark, smiling eyes and roseleaf mouths; Mr. Dobell certainly was surprised and snared by the dark beauty of the Southern girl—a beauty hightened by her magnificent dress—dress of the the dark beauty of the Southern girl—a beauty hightened by her magnificent dress—dress of astyle which in the critical North, would have been called "stunning," but which, in a southern clime, was considered appropriate. Ethel's plain black dress, fitting her elegant figure demurely, was in strong contrast to the lemon-colored satin robe and over-dress of finest white silk gauze—the bared arms and shoulders, the jewels and flowers in the purple-black hair of the other.

other. But this luxurious toilet had its effect on the men, as it was intended to have—on all the men except Evelyn; and whether love made his eyes sharper, or what, it proved that the splendid dress and smiling manner of the young Cuban stamped her, in his mind, as an adventuress

In his eyes, Ethel, modest, sad, dignified—her pale cheeks unflushed by the excitement of the hour—her pure brow beaming with soul—her mourning-dress clinging to her slight, full, supple form in plain folds—no ornament about her except the cluster of carnations in her dark hair—was a thousand times more womanly and more lovable than this brilliant tropical creature with her inappropriate full dress and her theatrical attitudes.

The story which Olive had to tell is too fa-

The story which Olive had to tell is too familiar to need repetition. She went over it in full, giving every detail, and so working it up with incident and the coloring of her own feelings that not a doubt remained in Mr. Dobell's

He was sorry for the girl whose friend he had been so long; but he could not help thinking—as he glanced at the splendid beauty who sat, smilingly, like a youthful Cleopatra, in her corner of the sofa—that her place would be well filled. mind of its utter truth.

Cadet Leigh hardly attended to what was being said, he was so fascinated by those wonderful dark eyes, with their drooping lids and long,

languid lashes.

"I am to make out the deposition, to which you will swear," said the lawyer, when Olive had told her story. "On the strength of this deposition I am to set about breaking the will, by means of which Mrs. Myra Garwell now enjoys the estates which belong—no court will dispute her rights—to the daughter of Cyrill Wainwright. I do not anticipate much trouble," smiling, as he half-bowed to the young empress on the sofe.

empress on the sofa.

"Mrs. Garwell has been lavish of the money," remarked the Cuban; "the sooner a stop is put to her squandering what is not her own the bet-

"Ay," responded the lawyer, half-laughing,
"John Garwell has got himself into a scrape. I
pity his wife with all my heart."
"She does not deserve much pity," began the
Cuban, but Ethel silenced her with an imperious

truth," gasped the woman, dropping on her

"Take thy choice."

"Take thy choice."

"Take thy choice."

"Thou hast made thy choice. Now, as one who lieth, and chooseth to dwell in vaults with the spirits of the dead, thou shalt abide with me. And the Church, when it heareth of thy crime, shall excommunicate thee."

All the superstitious terrors of those of her class, who think they have pleased the Devil and offended the Church, gathered about the stout heart of the Cuban; and she wrestled with them long and sorely; for she was no coward, and all that she had coveted on earth was at stake; but this dreadful threat of excommunication, made by this ghostly and mysterious voice—this appalling idea of being dragged to live in churchyard vaults with disembodied spirits—was more, even, than her strong and determined nature could bear.

Casting a glance of appeal, of anguish, at the beautiful girl who sat, pale and wide-eyed, staring about her in alarm, Olive dropped her head in her hands and groaned.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 412.)

## A Novel Craft.

The Story of a Brave Girl's Adventure. BY CAPTAIN KING.

It was one September day in 1778, when Mary Morne found out that the American camp at Tarrytown was in danger of being surprised by

the British.

And the way in which she found it out was this: She had been visiting at her aunt's for a few days past. That morning her uncle had some business to attend to at a place about half-way between his residence and the American camp, and Mary had decided that it was wise to avail herself of the opportunity thus afforded, and ride as far on her way home as possible. It was about noon when they reached the little country town where her uncle's way led in another direction from hers. It was still some eight miles to Tarrytown, but she thought little of an eight-mile walk. She had been brought up in a very different way from the girls of to-day, and the prospect before her occasioned her no uneasiness. If she did not reach home before dark, she could think of nothing to be afraid of.

She sat down in the little room which served

casioned her no uneasiness. If she did not reach home before dark, she could think of nothing to be afraid of.

She sat down in the little room which served as sitting and dining-room, and as the ride had been a warm one, she began very soon to feel drowsy, and it was not long before she fell asleep.

She was presently awakened by the sound of voices in the room. She did not stir, for the sense of being awake was hardly very active at that moment, but merely opened her eyes a trifle to see who the other occupants of the room might be.

might be.
She could not help giving a little start of surprise when she made the discovery that her companions were men in the uniform of British

companions were men in the uniform of Brisish officers.

"You'd better wake up the girl, Drake," one of them was saying. "It mighth't make any difference if she were to hear all we say, but we can't be too careful, you know."

"She's sleeping so soundly that anything short of an earthquake wouldn't wake her," answered the man called Drake. "There's no use in paying any attention to her. Go on with your plans, Thornton. I can't stay over half an hour, as I promised to meet Colonel Sayres at two."

Sayres at two."

They seem to be puzzled about our horses; but we never disturb them."

"But, where are the antelopes?" asked Charley Green.

The doctor looked around for several minutes.

"I see three flocks in different places. You're not used to the green prairies, I see. Look yonder toward the dead tree on the river-bank. There's a flock there. You'll see them move in a minute. There."

Sure enough, something was moving there, but we were unable to distinguish what.

and get to the ears of the Americans, all my scheming's been useless."

Mary made up her mind that it was worth while to find out what those plans were. She wouldn't wake up yet awhile.

"You see," went on Thornton, "I've kept myself posted regarding the condition of affairs in the American camp, and I know they're pretty well starved out, but help is expected in a day or two. Now, if we can surprise them from north and south to-night, when they're entirely unsuspectful of danger, we can take them all prisoners, and if we're sharp after that, we can secure all the supplies they are looking for. They may be along any hour, and what we do must be done at once. If a detachment from your command can move down from your way to-night, about midnight, I will have mine on the move, and—we've got them. They is the field. They soon seemed to tire, however, for they never kept up the roads and up and down the river, so that it is impossible for any one to communicate with it is impossible for any one to communicate with it is impossible for any one to communicate with it.

"She does not deserve much pity," began the Cuban, but Ethel silenced her with an imperious wave of her hand.

"Myra is my cousin," she said, "please spare these remarks. It is dreadful to me that she should be such a victim to fate—lifted high to be dashed low. Have some respect for her disappointment," and with "level-fronting eyelfds" she swept a rebuking glance about the room.

Evelyn look at her admiringly.

"True as steel to her friends!" he murmured, under his breath.

Evelyn had come here as an observer—not to take any part in the business—and as an observer he had watched every expression of the Cuban's face and marked every word of her story. He had not been satisfied with it. But it was not for him to challenge her.

"I don't know. The bride returns at the end of a fortnight. I shall see and talk with her, before taking the will into court. She may realize the force of necessity, and make over the property without an attempt to defend the will. I shall advise her to do so," answered Mr. Dobell.

"Ethel Wainwright," spoke up the Cuban, in a loud voice, advancing to the girl on the sofa, "as it was I who wronged you, let me be the first to congratulate you," and she held out her hand.

"I forgive you," said the Southern girl, smil
"I forgive you," said the Southern girl, smil
"I forgive you," said the Southern girl, smil
"I forgive you," said the Southern girl, smil-

"as it was I who wronged you, let me be the first to congratulate you," and she held out her hand.

"I forgive you," said the Southern girl, smiling round upon the others, and laying a jeweled hand in the woman's.

The little company was silent, looking on at this seene—an awkward one, one might think, for her who had grown up as Ethel Wainwright—hardly knowing what act was next on the programme—when, through the oppressive silence, in the air over their heads, came a thrilling, hollow, strange and solemn voice, saying:

"Mockery! The TRUE Ethel Wainwright is the who has always borne that name. I know, that my infant child was never taken from me. Woman! REFENT, while there is yet time! REPENT! Undo thy falsshoods. Here, before these witnesses, tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

The same voice which had spoken so often in that other house!

When it was dark she concluded that it would be safe for her to run her novel craft ashore and finish her journey by land. She felt sure that he British had not ventured quite so near the man sale knew she must be. She succeeded in placed Jack in ambush behind him.

Now the horseman quickened his pace to a trot the man sale lustering together just as the antelopes had done, and turning to the other who here is a sight to side to side, but always stopping again to stare. The dector and Jack did not ride traight to on the banks, and her heart beat fast at the brought of possible discovery. But luck was the would have called it ten times as great as it at the brought of possible discovery. But luck was had then shifted their positions, running from side to side, but always stopping again to stare. The dector and Jack did not ride traight to on the beans as freat as the thought of possible discovery. But luck was had the shifted as the program and then shifted their positions, running from side to side

#### WHILE WE SAUNTER ON THE BEACH. SONG.

BY J. M. LARKIN.

Meet me where the beach-sands glisten
'Neath the pale moon's gentle ray,
There together we will listen
To the murm'ring of the spray.
Then I'll gaze in rapture on you—
Meet your glance, and greet your speech,
Ling'ring fondly near your smile, love,
While we saunter on the beach.

There leve's plaint may move compassi
For my pleading, in your heart,
There again I'll breathe the passion
That my lips would fain impart.
Then we'll share sweet joy and rapture
Which may come within our reach,
Breathing vows, exchanging gladness
As we saunter on the beach.

If my fondest wish was granted
We forever there would stray,
On the beach-sand's yielding surface
Near the ocean's turbid spray;
Hand in hand and hearts responsive

## Breathing vows, exchanging gladness While we saunter on the beach.

Rifle and Revolver in the Buffalo Range.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ.

Post and Plain;

THE ANTELOPE RUN.

At one corner of the stockade of Fort Polk there was a tall three-story block-house, built of heavy green timbers and chinked with clay. It was loop-holed for rifles all the way up, but the roof was flat and furnished with a high parapet of logs. This block-house commanded a view of all the adjacent prairie, and we could see it stretching out for miles on all sides of us, up to a distant blue ridge of hills in the northwest.

The course of the Brazos river could be traced for miles by the fringe of heavy timber, for not a tree grew on the prairie outside of the river-

"Those are mustangs," announced the doctor. "They come up close to the fort sometimes when we have mounted drill outside. They seem to be puzzled about our horses; but we never disturb them."

Sayres at two."

"Well, if you think it's safe, I'll risk it," answered Thornton, with a glance at Mary, who had closed her eyes, and was pretending to be fast asleep. "But if our plans should leak out before we get a chance to put them in operation, and get to the ears of the Americans, all my scheming's been useless."

Mary made up her mind that it was worth while to find out what those plans were. She will be suffered to meet coloner Sure enough, something was moving there, but we were unable to distinguish what.

"They are prong-horn antelopes," declared the doctor, positively. "There's another flock about half a mile to the right. You can't see them now. I saw them go over a swell as I came up. The flock we disturbed down at the river is off here to the right again. They're not two miles off, on the upper river, about eight hundred yards from the cover. Here, take my glass and see."

long and short of it. I've got my men scattered about between here and the camp, on all the roads and up and down the river, so that it is impossible for any one to communicate with it from this direction. Will you undertake the job with me?"

Mary listened to the whole conversation, and found out all she cared to know. She was apparently still asleep when the men took their departure.

"I must get word to the camp, in some way," she said, rousing up the moment the officers had left the road. "But, how am I to do it? If the roads are guarded, I will be discovered, and I run the same risk if I take to the woods."

She got up and left the room. It seemed as if she could think better ont of doors. She walked down to the river bank, and stood there for some minutes, casting about in her mind for a plan by which she could reach the American camp undiscovered and warn it of its danger.

Suddenly her eyes fell upon a tree-top which was floating down the stream very near the same risk if the same to have the her will an account of himself before tattoo or I'm very much mis-

of himself before tattoo or I'm very much mis

We concluded therefore to possess our souls in patience and watch the doctor and Jack Moore through the glasses that were furnished us. It was not long before all the officers of the garrison not on duty were upon the roof of the blockhouse, watching with us, for the sport bid fair to be interesting.

house, watching with us, for the sport bid fair to be interesting.

The antelope up the river were not more than a mile off and they could see Jack and the doctor just as plainly as we could. There was no mistaking that fact, as we watched them through the glass. The horsemen had hardly cleared the angle of the fort before every antellope was up and had stopped feeding. Then they gathered into a group—one of the prettiest sights I ever saw—and stood with their graceful heads lifted watching the progress of the hunters. They seemed uneasy, and every now and then shifted their positions, running from side to side, but always stopping again to stare. The doctor and Jack did not ride straight toward any of the herds but took a course between them out toward the open plain. About

keen sight, they don't seem to have sense enough to tell a led horse from a ridden one, and they will be watching the doctor so close that they'll forget all about Jack, unless they wind him."

"Wind him? What do you mean?"

"Get to leeward of him, so as to smell him. You notice that these antelopes are all well to windward of the fort. They seem to hold the seent of human beings in such abhorrence that they escape it on all occasions. If the wind changed to-day you'd see every wild animal in the neighborhood pass the fort to get to windward, and once there they'd stop and begin to graze with their heads to leeward. As soon as the doctor gets well to windward, you'll see

ward, and once there they a sop and begin to graze with their heads to leeward. As soon as the doctor gets well to windward, you'll see them scatter."

We again turned our attention to the doctor. He had by this time trotted out nearly three miles from the fort and we could see the mustangs moving slowly off up wind, so far off that even with the glass we could not distinguish their forms clearly. The antelopes were all watching him as narrowly as ever, but a few of them had begun to feed again, stopping every now and then to stare.

At last the doctor turned his course toward the river above us and slackened his pace. He was now above the antelopes. From a slow trot he gradually dropped to a walk, and edged down toward the antelope that he had promised us to bag. He was still at least a mile from them when they began to show excitement, running together to and fro, and then halting

running together to and fro, and then halting

Presently the doctor disappeared from sight behind a swell. Hardly had he done so when the whole herd started toward the fort at light-

the whole herd started toward the fort at lightning speed.

"Now we shall see what Moore is made of," said Major Bruce, smiling.

As he said so, the doctor rode over the swell and started after the antelopes at the same slow walk. He was hardly in sight before the antelopes stopped. They had only run for perhaps twenty or thirty seconds, but they had passed over nearly a third of a mile in that brief time. Now they stopped and repeated their antics, running to and fro, only to halt and stare again.

again.
"Watch for Moore," said the major, and we remembered our comrade. We closely inspected the hollow into which he had vanished and at last descried old Jack on the further bank, lying at full length behind some low bushes, peering at the antelope. Then he pushed up his rifle in front of him, and examined the elevation of his rear sight, glancing at the antelope from time to time.

"If they don't start, he's got them," declared the major.

Hardly were the words out when we saw the flash of a rifle from the midst of the bare prairie not fifty yards to the right of the antelope. A graceful buck leaped high up in the air and fell dead, while his comrades, with one grand

tell dead, while his comrades, with one grand burst of speed, came charging toward the fort, past Jack Moore.

"By Jove, the old man's stolen a march on Jack!" cried Bruce, with a hearty laugh, as he pointed out the figure of the old hunter, who coolly rose and watched the retreating antelope as he reloaded his rifle. "He was stalking that very herd"

We could see Jack Moore roll hastily over and screw down his base sight in a nervous state of hurry as the antelope came skimming over the plain directly toward him. Then he stood up and fired. As he did so the antelope swerved and turned back, but not one fell.

"I knew he'd miss them," quoth the major. "Jack's got the buck fever bad. Look at him!" We could see him through the glass, stamping his foot and trying to get the empty shell out of his rifle, where it had stuck fast, to all seeming.

ing.
"Take it cool, Jack!" warned Bruce, quietly, as if the other could hear him. "No use swearing, old fellow—yes, I fancy 1 can hear them coming up by the dozen, all the bad words you

know—"
"Where's Mart gone?" suddenly asked Charley Green.

I turned my glass in that direction. Mart had vanished, but the antelope were scudding away across the front of the place where he had been, trying to get out from the path of the doctor who had now changed his pace to a gallop, and was trying to head them back.

FLASH!

FLASH!
"There he is," answered Bruce, coolly, as There he is, answered Bruce, coolly, as another antelope dropped, and up sprung the old man again from behind the grass, which grew high in that region, and stood coolly reloading his rifle a second time. Then he dropped again, just as suddenly, and the best glass in the party could not find him.

Now we turned our attention to the antelopes

and the doctor. Our medical friend had dropped his led horse, and was riding at full speed to get the start of the antelopes. He was so near them that they sheered off toward the river below, and failed to gain the plain behind

him.
"Now he's got them," observed one of the officers near us.
"The river bend will keep them

We looked round, and, sure enough, observed that the fort stood at one side of the neck of land that united a peninsula formed by a deep bend of the river, with the open prairie. The other herds of antelopes had carefully kept out of this bend, but those the doctor had driven, had entered it, in their fright.

They could only get out by passing the doctor.

They could only get out by passing the doctor, Jack Moore or old Mart.

But where was old Mart?

We could not even mark the spot where the old hunter lay hid. It was just like the rest of

the prairie.
(To be continued—commenced in No. 413.)

## Work and Play.

Bella N. asks: "Can you tell me how to prepare chocolate for putting between layer-cake? Also, how to make a wisp-broom case?" Mix, in a tin, three-quarters of a cup of powdered sugar and an equal amount of grated chocolate. Add one-quarter of a cup of milk, one or two teaspoonfuls of vanilla, and the beaten white of one egg. Heat and stir until it thickens slightly. This is the nicest of the various chocolate preparations we have tried for cake, and it is easily made.—Cut two pieces of the various chocolate preparations we have tried for cake, and it is easily made.—Cut two pieces of the various chocolate preparations we have tried for cake, and it is easily made.—Cut two pieces of the various chocolate preparations we have tried for cake the control of the control o rous chocointe preparations we have three for cake, and it is easily made.—Cut two pieces of pasteboard, each thirteen inches long, and eight wide; also, one piece of perforated board the same size. Paste a handsome picture or embroider an initial in the center of the perforated board. Cover both pieces of pasteboard neatly, on both sides, with paper-muslin; then cover one with the perforated board and trim round with quilled satin ribbon. Under the edges of the ribbon very securely, overhand the long sides of the two pasteboards together, leaving them open at the top and bottom. Add ribbon loop and bow at the top, to hang the case by. Thrust the broom, handle down, in at the top, and when wanted, pull it through at the bottom. These cases are an ornament, and one should be hung upon every hat-rack, and in every bedroom. Use gilt, silver, white, black, or fancy-colored paper, according to choice, and trim with ribbon to match the prevailing color of the room.

before the programme—when, through the oppressive stience, in the air over their heads, came a thrilling, hollow, strange and solemn voice, saying:

"Molecery! The true Ethel Wainwright is be safe for her to run her novel craft shore and hold them from view for a moment and when the horses came out, one of the riders was missing. The doctor, on a gray horse, was leading the bear to the safe for her to run her novel craft shore and hot many that my infinite child was never taken by infinite the street, while there is yet limit be safe for her to run her novel craft shore and hot the my infinite child was never taken by infinite the British had not ventured quite so near the British had not ventured quite



Let the person whose name you wish to know inform you in which of the upright columns the first letter of his name is contained. If it be found in but one column it is the top letter; if it occurs in more than one column, it is found by adding the alphabetical numbers of the top letters of these columns, and the sum will be the number of the letter sought. By taking one letter at a time in this way, the whole can be ascertained. For example take the word Jane. J is found in the two columns commencing with B and H, which are the second and eighth letters down the alphabet; their sum is ten, and the tenth letter down the alphabet is J, the letter sought. The next letter, A, appears in but one column, where it stands at the top. N is seen in the columns headed B, D and H; these are the second, fourth and eighth letters of the alphabet, which added give the fourteenth, and Let the person whose name you wish to know alphabet, which added give the fourteenth, and so on. The use of this table will excite no little curiosity among those unacquainted with the foregoing exploration. foregoing explanation

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we could see Jack Moore roll hastily over Dime Hand-Book of Pedestrianism. Giving the Rules for Training and Practice in Walking, Running, Leaping, Vaulting, etc. Edited by Henry Chadwick.

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### Sunshine Papers.

### One of the Delights of Spring.

Gentle spring has come and the time for colds-colds in the bones, colds in the head, colds in the throat, and colds that go quite from the crown of the head to the tip ends of the toes and up again; and poor mortals suffer "the tortures of the—" No! I will not use slang, even theological slang; let the sentence

There comes a bright, warm day, a succession of bright, warm days, and you stagger around under a weight of winter clothing reeking with perspiration, scarcely able to breathe, physically, growing weaker hourly, mentally, becoming utterly and horribly stupid. Having gotten down to the lowest ebb of appetite and strength, you make a despairing resolve not to endure this state of things any longer. The next day dawns cloudless sultry, with the mercury standing a great deal higher than it ought to stand unless it meant to retain its position for a respectable length You make a comfortable change of apparel and go to shop, or to visit a friend, or to business. A few hours later you return ome under leaden skies, with wintry winds howling about your pathway, and the theryou would like to put that miserable little instrument down altogether, bury it under the cellar bottom, perhaps; your feet are cold, your hands are red, you ache between the shoulders, your nose claims constant attention from a handkerchief, you shiver and chatter, as if, like Harry Gill, you were never to be warm again, and you feel in regard to the person who sits at home and greets you with "I told you so," that it would have been no grievous matter had he or she been a conde heretic in the days of the Spanish Inquisition. so completely has the milk of human kindness been congealed within you.

For the next few days you are a victim to agonies to which pen has never done justice, just because the result would have been-no matter how many scientific terms had been used, how much eloquence expended, how much pathos indulged in, how much ink consumed, how many pens spoiled-only the description of a

The most diabolical tinges of pain play tag up and down the perpendicular of your limbs, and chase each other around your hips, and skip playfully to and fro along your shoulder-blades. Where once you thought you had a back and a spinal column, you are only conscious, like the hymned sinner, of "an aching void, the world "—nor anything else—"can ever fill." Every bone of your body feels as if it had been engaged in a free fight, and every square inch of flesh as if sorely beaten. Your throat is filled with such delightful sensa-

tions as one might imagine could have been produced by rolling a lawn-mower down it. By turns, you think "eternal punishment" must consist of a lake of fire and a sea of ice, as you suffer alternately with scorching fever and horrid chills. You have an idea that it would be a profitable financial investment to sell your head as lead: certainly, no geologist, mineralogist, or any other "ogist," could detect the imposition. Your lips are of one of those indescribable colors over which fashionwriters waste quarts of ink and columns of words without making any one comprehend what they are talking about. Your eyes run 'rivers of waters," and have rings about them suspiciously suggestive of intemperate habits or frequent domestic differences. Your nose is flame-colored, sensitive to the touch, and constant and imperative in its demands of attention. And—yet—you have only a cold!

Never expect sympathy when you have a cold! You may cough and cry, and blow, and sneeze; you may ache, and burn, and shiver; but you must be just as amiable, just as active, just as industrious, as if you never felt better in your life. You must not mind squeaking shoes, loud voices, heavy footsteps, slamming doors; you must not lie abed one minute later, nor retire one minute earlier, than usual; you must not snarl at the children, nor ask husband to hold the baby awhile, nor demand that wife ser vou a meal in your room; you have nothing but a cold!

One may have a respectable toothache, or an ornamental boil, or a delicate attack of fever, or a fashionable twinge of rheumatism, and turn the household upside down for their comfort and caprice, and have all the neighbors sending in jellies, and preserves, and commiserations; but, bless us! get the worst kind of a cold that ever transformed a decent-looking feminine into a creature as ugly as one of Macbeth's witches, and a strong man into a mockery of a human being, and all the sympathy

"Oh! a cold! I reckon every one has a cold this season of the year. I suppose you have been imprudent."

If one's eyes, and throat, and nose, did not claim all one's time, what a consolation it would be to get hold of some of these unsympathizing wretches and force them into some

Împrudent, indeed! Boh! What is spring Of a child-woman, pure-souled and good yet for, except to plunge people into imprudences and colds? And what consolation is there in leaving off a seal-skin sacque and wearing a or a man, poissed, refined and born to posi-ion yet literally Lucifer's Own in dishonor— Of a young woman whose nobility stood, unscathed, the ordeal of Love buried and resurrected— time over you as if you had malaria, or dyspepsia, or a baby, or anything nice or interest-A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

#### "GIVE CREDIT WHERE CREDIT IS DUE."

I DON'T think there is credit enough given to many people of the literary fraternity. do not get their just deserts and are not treated as they should be. For instance, how often rapid in its movement, and strong, strange we come across an individual who will read a and effective in its gradual development. story, become intensely interested in and will acknowledge that his time has not been spent idly in its perusal; but who will never, for one moment, think to look to see who the author of the same is. It seems uncivil, as the said author Plains, the Cavalier of the Wild West, the instruct, to omit thanks to the pleasant narra-Famous Chief of Scouts and Prince of Hun- tor. Is it not due him or her? Is it not unjust to withhold our recognition of merit?

I don't think the public appreciate the author's work. How often, when I have been praising the work of some novelist, have I heard persons say: "Pshaw! what work can it is in hand, scheduled in for early use. It is a be to write for the press? It must be the easiest thing in the world! All you have to do is combined Border, Fort and Love Romance, in which the Gallant Companion of Custer, Creak and Miles charge himself as deching with Crook and Miles shows himself as dashing with the Pen as he is ready with the Revolver. ceptions some people to lideas will come when you want them to—plots are as thick as flies in summer time—a novelist does not have to study human, and sometimes inhuman, nature, as well as books—he must have no command of speech—no thought as to how his words must be chosen or ho fashion his statements. Oh. dear. no! These things must never be taken into consideration when judging of a novelist's task, which many think to be no task at all, but merely child's play. When I hear people talk of the easy lives these workers for the press lead, I have to keep my teeth pretty close together, lest I hould say something that wouldn't sound very nice; but I think to myself that "all the fools are not dead yet," and so find a negative con-

> I think there is not one-half credit enough given to the editors. Just think how much MS. they have to read-upon how many subjects they are asked for advice and information-how many articles they have to revise, correct and put in proper shape—how many editorials they have to pen—how many days they are at their desks, "through summer's heat and winter's cold," while others are taking a holiday. Think of how many tastes they have to gratify, how many thousands to please. Editors cannot be selfish. How can they be when they live for others and not for themselves alone? They have their trials; they do not like to reject manuscripts; they had far rather encourage than discourage, but they must be just, and we shouldn't raise a fuss if an article is returned to us occasionally as "unavailable." They can better estimate our works than we ourselves. They know better what the public demand than outsiders do.

> How often is their heart appealed to by writers who are either ill themselves or have others dependent upon them for support. How often do the editors wish the productions of such writers were of market value, for they hate to add to a person's trials by the rejection of their work; but, what can they do? The public do not want poorly written articles, and the editors have this same public to please. They must let merit be the sole standard. It may seem hard toward those who are poor, but it is only justice. A little reflection will put this matter in a clearer light.

> I think printers are too much abused when they make typographical errors; but when we come to consider how many thousands they do not make they should be praised more and censured less. To be sure, they have lost me one or two friends because they, the printers, made me call them, my friends, "cruel" when I wrote "crude;" they have put slang in my mouth when they have made me say a young lady was a "fraud" when I wrote "prude and they have made me use bad grammar by making me say "them" girls when I didn't tack on that "m" at all; but I forgave them. I blessed them for not making more blunders

> There! I have said a good word for author, editor and printer, and I shall expect they will say a good word for me, when I am berated.

EVE LAWLESS.

#### SEASONABLE THOUGHTS.

WHEN the birds, with joyful notes, proclaim that "spring has come," we shake off our long winter nap and seem to be renewed and on the opening of a new life. Nature begins to be awake once more and we to waken with it. We bid adieu without regret to the short cheerless days of winter and commence to look forward to the change of earth's carpet, from white to green, with delight. Hours for pleasant rambles, cosey nooks by joyous rivulets to rest in and read; yes, read that great book of Nature that has so many "twice-told tales," yet always interesting, entertaining and instructive.

It is a time for the forming of new resolutions, of making plans to lead nobler, truer and better lives.

As Nature seems to revive itself, so should we. As Nature puts on a more cheerful aspect, why should not we do the same? Are these constant changes of the seasons going on without teaching us some lesson? Teaching us in some beautiful way?

Spring brings with it the cleaning of houses and stores, and it is a good time to clean up one's character as well. We groan through a winter and find fault with its coldness and dreariness, but, when spring-time comes, we are not half thankful enough at its approach. It is such a contrast to the days that have passed, that we ought to hail it with songs of joy and thanksgiving. It deserves it and ought to have it.

The good housewife goes about armed with a broom, sweeping the cobwebs from each nook and cranny, and if we would but take this time to sweep cobwebs from our brains, the season of spring would indeed be a joyfu one to us. It is a good opportunity to get rid of some of our old-fogyish, one-sided ideas, to rout out some foolish hobby we may have. If we see new labor-saving inventions, that are productive of much good, we must advocate their use, even if we cannot afford to purchase them for ourselves. We mustn't clog inventive genius; we must encourage it. Youth is the spring-time of life—a time when one is all am bition to gain success, and how wicked would we be were we even to wish to crush that an bition out if its aspirations were of a noble na

The young minds need as much cultivating as do the flowers, for they last longer. It never pays to crush true genius in the young se you are not only holding them back but you are depriving the world of some talent which it stands in need of. Yet, every day, we see about us young men and women who are discouraged and disheartened by others, who will persist in throwing cold water upon their plans, and thoroughly drenching them with words that take all the courage out of them.

I often wonder why we are so careful in attending the frail flowers that have so short a life and neglect the wishes of those who are growing up around us, who have active brains willing hands, noble minds and immortal souls, F. S. F.

## Foolscap Papers.

### Saturday Night.

SATURDAY night! this is the end of the week: might say that this is the other end of the week. The spirit pauses. The days have dried up and died and blown away since the last Saturday night fell on the earth like a

Saturday night. Seven days of the week are now gone and the meditative spirit looks back through its spectacles and softly whispers

There was bright Sunday, blue Monday, dark Tuesday, Ash Wednesday, marriageable Thursblack Friday, and this day was glad Saturday—the whole week gone and, of course,

everything is dun. The tired workman is glad that it is Saturday night; he walks up and draws his wages and wishes it was next Saturday night, for then he would have two weeks' wages pocket. Thus would be prove himself a phil-

Saturday night is the last night in the week. and a man can say verily that he can do no more work in that week, whether he has done any work or not, and finds the idea quite a re lief; and if you have done nothing during the ek, you can content yourself that you can do the same to-morrow without getting tired. From Monday morning to Saturday night is

a long time-if you are working by the day, and you will be led to think that Saturday night is much postponed, but it is sure to come you work hard enough. On Saturday night you are glad that there

has been only six working days in the week that is gone, especially if you have been work ing by the week and growling by the hour. Every minute this week you have looked up at the clock and wished that forty-nine wheels

were out of it; have thought that strikes for

more wages should be balanced by shorter

This is the night that is looked to when a man sets in to work on Monday morning, and he would not care if he set in on Tuesday. is almost too far off from Monday morning for imagination to reach to, and it wants to the intervening days. A man wants his days long in the land but short in the workshop. We did not know when we set in that this week would be stuffed so full of hours, but the week is now gone never to return unless something strange turns up. Many of us are a week older to-night. The thought is very weakening, but few of us are a week younger, and many are

To-morrow is a day of rest. This is a most cheerful thought. Those who have rested hard all week can prepare to do the same thing tomorrow with renewed energies, and those who have had a hard time to get along during the week can congratulate themselves that it is ended, and that they are about to commence another week off the same piece. The cares of this week are all done. The days went on in

the Saturday nights we carry in our vest

spite of them. Several bills fall due this week. But the trouble is they fall no further. The days slipped by and had no spikes in their wheels to

prevent them slipping either.
Saturday night! It is a time that brings everybody home; some of them pretty late, however—some who are anxious to see the week out and somehow find themselves out too.

Everybody is richer on Saturday night than

go into the missionary-box on Sunday is over-powering—to the heathen—to contemplate.

To look out, it does not look like the last

night in the week; but it is. We begin to reflect on all the work and all the good things which we have done during the week to our konor and credit, but you know how short the nights are now, and we have got to prepare a frame of mind suitable for Sunday. row is Sunday, and we all look forward to it with enthusiasm, not that we all want to go to church, however, but that according to all law no work can be done. Nowadays there is only one Sunday in each week. To-morrow no bills can be collected, and all business transactions of that nature are null and void. You can face anybody on the street from whom on a week-day you would shy off to keep shy of, and all the dry goods stores are closed; your wife has a day of rest in which she can prepare for the coming week.

Saturday night! How does the tired and weary soul prepare to black its boots and get out its best clothes for Sunday, and growl at its wife if a button happens to have gone off with the week!

The contented housewife sits down in the middle of fourteen children to rest and recu-perate herself by disguising the holes in the heels and toes of fourteen pairs of stockings, while she wonders where those holes could possibly come from. One boy says the holes in

his stocking's toes must have fallen in; another says his heels kind o' worked through, but the seed-natured, patient look on the mother's face is so much like a piece off of the mild, gentle Saturday night, that it shines like a blessing

Saturday night! How like the peaceful Saturday night of the long weary week of life! We begin Monday bright and cheerful, but we grow tired as the days go by and look forward to the quiet shadows of that last night of our week wherein we shall lie down in the sleep which dispels the cares of the week, to wake up in the Sunday morning whose passing hours point to no recurring Monday!

Quietly WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

## Topics of the Time.

—A woman in Fairfield, Me., has a growth of natural hair eight feet and one inch long, and has refused, it is said, \$2,000 for it.

—Mr. Lyman, geologist to the Japanese Government, reports that the island of Yesso probably contains 150,000,000,000 tons of coal not

—One white oak tree, taken from the farm of Mr. Rice, in West Virginia, brought \$84 after being split into whisky-barrel headings. According to this statement there must have been

—A beaver in a Boston aquarium wore his lower teeth down to the gums by gnawing at a metal pipe, while the upper ones grew so long that they formed a complete muzzle, and had to be filed down three-quarters of an inch to en-

able him to eat.

—The trunk of a tree three hundred feet high—or a section of it—from Mississippi, is to be among the wonders of the Paris Exhibition. Last year's geographical survey in Southern Utah revealed the fact that the areas occupied by standing timber are much smaller than those which are capable of supporting such growth. The destruction by fire greatly exceeds that of the woodman's ax, and it seems desirable that some methods for preventing forest fires should be devised, and, as a measure of public economy, adopted in Utah, and perhaps in other Territories.

-Behold the Senators' wives as they appear are now gone and the meditative spirit looks back through its spectacles and softly whispers that they will never come again unless something flops over.

There is something sad, which is almost sorrowful, in turning round on the street to look back over the week to find that it is gone and you can't see it. The days have gone and even their footprints you can't notice in the mud. cuse Journal) as girlish and petite, with a blooming, happy expression; while Mrs. Secre-tary Sherman is tall, and has a bright, smiling face, a profusion of chestnut hair, and a cordial, practical manner.

practical manner.

—An atmosphere surcharged with particles of fine flour is certainly highly inflammable, if not explosive. Several weeks since the men employed in one of the largest flour mills in Minneapolis, Minn., saw a volume of flame coursing through what is known as as the blast-box, as a conductor used in carrying fine dust from the burs to the open air. The workmen seized a number of fire extinguishers, and without excitement or confusion brought the flames under control, but not until the wood-work of the long-box had been charred from end to end. The explanation of the origin of this fire is quite simbox had been charred from end to end. The ex-planation of the origin of this fire is quite simplan the foreman conjectures that one of the burs was revolving without feed, and while the upper stone was raised as usual, a nail or fragment of lime emitted a spark which was enough to ignite the fine dust which was carried through

-Mr Darwin's view is that all the complex and symmetrical forms of the fauna and flora, the animal and plant of the present day, are derived from simple initial organic points—a cell for example, by a process of growth, with infi-nite varia ion, and that those varieties which nite varia ion, and that those varieties which were best adapted to their surroundings were perpetuated and strengthened, while the illadapted perished in the struggle of life. This is the doctrine of the survival of the fittest. If, in the language of Mr. Darwin, a region was occupied by extremely prolific but swift hares, and by dogs or wolves dependent on the capture of these hares for their existence, naturally the longest-legged and fleetest dogs or wolves would be the most successful in the chase, and in competition with others would be perpetuated, while the shorter-legged and slower dogs would be starved out and disappear. The result would be the production of a race of grayhounds, if you please. Mr. Darwin leaves the question of the origin of life untouched.

—In a recent meeting, at San Francisco, of the Senate Committee on Fisheries, the State Fish Commissioners, and a committee representing the fishermen of the coast, the question as to the destructive performances of the sealions in the harbor were actively discussed. One of the fishermen's representatives said that it was estimated that there were 25,000 sealions within a radius of a few miles, consuming from ten to forty pounds each of fish per day; the sealions were protected, while the fishermen were harassed by the game laws. Another witness declared that salmon captured in the Sacramento river often bore the marks of injury from sealions, having barely escaped with life; but it was supposed that the salmon less frefrom sea-lions, having barely escaped with life; but it was supposed that the salmon less fre-quently fell victims to the amphibians than did quenty iell victims to the amphibians than did other fishes that cannot swim as fast. The tes-timony about Chinese fishermen was very con-flicting. On the one side it was said that they stripped the waters of young fish by using nets with small meshes. On the other, it was de-clared that the chief business of the Chinese fish-ermen near San Francisco was to eather by increase. ermen near San Francisco was to catch shrimp of which they obtained \$150,000 worth in a sea-son; they also caught about 100 barrels of stur-geon per month. The Chinese never leave small fish to rot upon the shore; they are too frugal for such waste; the heaps were left by Italians. It appears from this statement that Italians of the poorer class are also numerous chest. Sea on Monday morning—if he gets any money on Saturday night; and the little that is left to Saturday night; and the little

### Readers and Contributors.

Available: "It there Was Nothing to Forget;"
"The Return;" "To W. E. Sheridan;" "While We
Saunter on the Beach;" "Have Faith in Each Other;" "Over His Grave;" "Patience;" "At Eventide;" "Rose;" "Which One Was True?" "Such a
Bargain;" "Look Through the Clouds."

Unavailable: "I Samatimes Wight to Die." "Love

Unavailable: "I Sometimes Wish to Die;" "Love Me Little," etc.; "A Tempter Tempted;" "Priscilla;" "Keep the Sweets You Have;" "Measure for Treasure;" "Why Lorn When Love Awaits?" "Boarding;" "And She Did."

SILVER STAR. The teacher was equally ignorant and impertinent, and you should have said as much, as a proper rebuke. Advise her, also, before expressing an opinion hereafter to try and know a little about the thing she judges.

STRLLA. Don't deny the youth your confidence because he is so much younger than you. Your induence ever him might be all important. Being older and wiser, you can properly permit an intinacy that will make him think "all the world of

you."

HENRY K. Ornate or "flowery" chirography is never desirable. It is like too many ribbons to a pretty face—distracting. Strive for a clear, graceful, rapid hand.—Be good and you'll be happy. Let your sister have no cause to complain. Make her glad that she is your sister.

WILLIMANTIC MAID. We certainly do not approve of such modes of obtaining notice. A woman who is a lady will never make herself a town's talk to obtain notoriety. If in associating with her you also share her reputation nothing will be gained but something lost—at least, so it seems to us, as you state the case.

D. J. M. Poems to persons, or on special events.

us, as you state the case.

D. J. M. Poems to persons, or on special events, usually are unavailable because they have no interest save for the parties concerned, and in the majority of cases are not poetry, in the proper sense. Lines, written in rhythm and rhyme, are no more poetry, because so written, than a woman is a lady because prettily dressed.

G. W. D. Buffalo Bill (Hon. W. F. Cody) is new in the prime of life—is travelling with a theatrical troupe in the States acting a "star" character in his own dramas. He has lived many years on the plains and is all that is represented as Indian-fighter, scout and hunter. He was not present at the Mountain Meadow Massacre, which occurred when he was a mere boy.

Coralie. Since you are not even tacitly engaged

CORALIE. Since you are not even tacitly engaged you do right to accept the company of other gentlemen, and would be unjust to yourself not to do so. Gentlemen, indeed, don't like to seek for the company of an engaged lady, so you should go so freely into society, and with others than your seeming suitor, as to let all see that you are hand free. If your suitor objects to this let him declare himself at once.

Isabet. That dreams oftentimes do come true is not to be denied, but "Dream Interpreters" are merely pretty fictions. For your friend to have the same circumstances recurring in several dreams may encourage the hope on your part that if may prove true, or come to pass in whole or in part. You may help that consummation by not disdaining to hope and plan for it, for that surely is one of your reserved rights.

Short Stop. Any good seedsman's catalogue.

one of your reserved rights.

Short Stop. Any good seedsman's catalogue will give you the required information. As to peas we plant, about March 15th, the Alpha, Laxton's Prolific Long-Pod, and Champion of England—all at one planting, and repeat this order three times, twelve days apart; then plant one more planting of Champion and we have peas in perfect succession and steady bearing up to Sept. 1st. Very late planted peas don't amount to anything, usually.

ed peas don't amount to anything, usually.

DION PLASE, Mr. Darwin is not the originator of the doctrine of Evolution. This doctrine is not new. He has only become its great exponent or formulator. His books are successive contributions to some special line of investigation on the origin of species—the adaptation and medifications known as the "survival of the fittest," or "natural selection," etc., etc.—See an item in our Topics for a statement of Mr. Darwin's position.

"Typo" Showyoung lady Number One by your

a statement of Mr. Darwin's position.

"Typo." Show young lady Number One by your speech and manner that you take no notice of her assumption. Treat her with reserve and formality when you see her, and do not seek her company. No lady will force herself upon you. Make your declaration to lady Number Two, and if accepted proclaim the fact of your engagement, and by your attentions to your betrothed show all your acquaintances where your heart is, and your allegiance.

JAS. B. R. Prince Albert before his marriage with Queen Victoria (Feb. 10th, 1840) was Duke of Saxe Coburg-Gotha, therefore inherited nothing He was cousin to the queen, his wife. He was naturalized by formal act of Parliament (Feb. 10th, 1840) with the title of Royal Higness and Prince Consort. Victoria's mother (Duchess of Kent) was a daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg—Prince Albert's own aunt.

with a s. Secre-s, smiling cordial prefer your request to the lady.

M. E. A. H. The sample will wash and retain its color, but it will not be apt to look as glossy as when new. Is it not possible to extract all spots from it and turn it? We can tell you how to take out any kind of spot if you will mention the nature of the stain. However, if you desire to wash it, first wash out grease-spots with lukewarm water and soap, or spirits of hartshore; then dissolve powdered borax in a pail of clear, tepid water—a teaspoonful of borax to a pint of water. Soak the goods in this a little, squeezing and moving up and down, but not rubbing. Squeeze dry; do not wring, rinse up and down in clear water, and hang in the air to drip and dry. While still damp press smooth and dry, upon the wrong side, with hot irons.—It will dye any dark color, but does not dye nicely.

HELEN LAWRENCE SAYS: "Some people, when ask-

will dye any dark color, but does not dye nicely.

HELEN LAWRENCE SAYS: "Some people, when asked a question, instead of saying 'yes' say 'yea-h,' or a word as near like that as I can represent the sound. Is that good manners? Also, is it polite for a person to ask her child if it will have some of a certain article of food, before any grown person at the table is helped to it? And why do some people always ask a question and immediately after it, before any one can answer, say "Ha?" Please answer these questions, as a friend and myself have had some discussion concerning them." It is only well-bred to say "yes" or "ne" in a distinct and courteous manner. All slang and made-up words are vulgar.—A child should be the very last person helped at table, and never take precedence of a grown person.—The trick you mention is horrible! Omit the "ha?"

DIXON. A garden plot, two by three rods will

Dixon. A garden plot, two by three rods, will produce enough vegetables for four persons for the summer and fall if properly treated. See some good catalogue for planting directions. Lay off with path through center, say thirty inches wide, and a walk around the plot, say twenty inches wide—this walk to be two feet from fence to allow of a continuous bed. Give up this bed to your flowers and vines—grapes to have at least one side. This will leave the whole plot, inside this walk, for vegetables. Make beds by treading out a narrow path—beds to be three feet wide for easy weeding. Don't try to raise potatoes or corn. These you can buy cheaper than you can raise them. Put in lettuce, beets, radishes, peas, bush-beans, carrots, parsnips, salsify, onion, oucumber, bush squash and one bed of mixed herbs, parsley, sage, etc. As early crops come out put in cabbage-plants and celery. Take the end of plot for tomato vines. This will give you plenty to do, mornings and evenings, and will keep your table well supplied with nice fresh vegetables.

Nene says: "I have dark brown eyes and hair, clear dark complexion, red lips and cheeks, am four feet eight inches in hight, and weigh one hundred pounds. Would a princess basque and skirt look well on me? Of what color should it be? Of what material? Would silk and cashmere eom bined do?" There are no princess skirts and basques. You probably refer to a princess dress, which is a single garment, like the Gabrielle dresses once so fashionable, and still worn by children. Princess dresses are handsome, and much worn, but we consider them in better style for a house, evening or visiting costume than for a street-suit, as they need to be made with a long train to give them grace, and short dresses are now used for the street. Any of the spring goods in moderately dark colors would make you a becoming suit. If you use silk and cashmere get gray cashmere and enliven it with slight silk trimmings of cardinal, buttercup, pearl, or some very light or very bright color. Any of the light olive-green or brown shades of dress-goods, delicately shotted with gay threads, make extremely handsome suits, trimmed with silk of the same color, or without any trimming but rows of buttons and rows of machine-stitching, like quilting. The ordinary street, church, and walking costume is a short, trimmed skirt, a basque and a cut-away jacket.

#### IF THERE WAS NOTHING TO FORGET.

BY A. W. BELLAW.

If there was nothing to forget
There would be nothing to regret,
The past would lose its wail
That comes with many a sinking sob—
That comes with many a lone heart-throb—
And tears of no avail.

The hands which clasped once in our own,
The love that glowed when faith had grown
To blossom, haunt us still,
And shadow all our lives across
With a complaining sense of loss
Which nothing now can fill.

The dream of bliss which once has been. The smile that sweetened many a scene, Oblivion cannot cloy, And Lethe's stream no longer flows, Nepenthe has no balm when woes Are fruit of former joy.

## Typical Women.

#### ZENOBIA, Queen of the East.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

Only at rare intervals does a crowned woman come to the surface on the always tumultuous current of Eastern History. The civilization of the East reduced women to the position of an inferior. She was, in Christ's time, and had been from immemorial time, in all the great monarchies of Persia, Assyria, Babylonia, Syria, Egypt, Asia Minor, etc., a creature to obey, not to command, hence a reversal of this order argued an extraordinary and exceptional charargued an extraordinary and exceptional char-

not to command, hence a reversal of this order argued an extraordinary and exceptional character in the woman.

Such certainly belonged to Semiramis, under whose strong reign and tireless hand Babylon became one of the wonders of the world: to Cleopatra, whose twenty-eight years of magnificent rule was the culmination of Ptolemaic civilization and greatness; to Zenobia, by whose learning, enterprise and liberality the city in the Syrian desert—Solomon's Tadmor—grew to be one of the most renowned of all the great cities in the East—the Palmyra, whose stupendous ruins stand, to this day, far out in the desolate plain of Syria, an amazing evidence of the glory which the "Queen of the East" shed upon her age during her brief reign.

The Roman arms, under the Consuls, Triumvirs and Emperors, first overran all of southern and western Europe; then, having absorbed all the old Greek provinces, crossed the Hellespont and gradually advanced, conquering, until all of Syria, and Persia itself, passed under the Roman rule. Such vast dominions were only maintained by ceaseless watchfulness and the presence of armies; but Persia, under the great Artaxerxes (A. D. 225) rose against its conquerors and regained the government. The Emperor Valerian, a soldier of renown, marched with a vast army against the successor of Artaxerxes—the Shah Poor (Sapor). In this effort to regain the lost province he was greatly assisted by an Arab chief named Odenathus, who, with his wild cavalry, was invaluable to the Romans. Valerian, however, was defeated by the Shah (A. D. 260) and taken prisoner, and the remnant of his legions found their way back to the Mediterranean ports, leaving the brave emperor to a most wretched and degrading captivity. But Odenathus continued the war. His skill, daring and popularity called to his standard so many Arabs and Romans that he at emperor to a most victoral trivity. But Odenathus continued the war. His skill, daring and popularity called to his standard so many Arabs and Romans that he at length defeated the Shah, and twice raided almost up to the very gates of Ispahan, hoping to recover the captive.

For these services he was commissioned, by Valerian's son and successor, Gallienus, "General of the East," which made him virtual king and master of all the country from Persia to Egypt. Of his favorite "City of Palms," Palmyra, on the very borders of the great Syrian desert, he made a capital at once magnificent as a city and important as a commercial mart, on the direct line of caravan traffic between India and the Mediterranean.

Zenobia, wife of this valiant man, was his constant companion in all his campaigns. Uncommonly beautiful, sagacious in council, courageous and confident, she freely participated in command, and historians are constrained to admit that to her was due a large share of her husband's enterprise and good for-For these services he was commissioned, by

septimia Zenobia was the child of an Arab chief, and grew up on the desert, to be given in marriage, while yet a mere girl, to a man of her race. She was a widow before she was eighteen, and then wedded the chief of several tribes, Odenathus, whose daring spirit found in the marvelously beautiful woman a congenial spirit, and loving one another tenderly, they rapidly advanced to supreme authority under the Roman rule.

the Roman rule.

Odenathus and his son by his first wife were assassinated in the year 267, by conspirators at whose head was his nephew, Mæonius, who hoped to succeed to power, but Zenobia, strong in the affections of the people and the soldiery, assumed the government, in the name of her three sons by Odenathus. She soon, however, dropped all disguise of a regency, and adopting the title of "Queen of the East," prepared to defend this virtual independency of Roman authority. The Emperor Gallienus dispatched his general Heraclianus to dispossess her, but Zenobia was ready for this test of her courage, power and ambition. Heading her own army, she met and totally defeated the Romans in a pitched battle.

pitched battle.

This seems to have inspired her with desires This seems to have inspired her with desires for conquest. The Roman empire was then in its decadence. Civil war at home and the revolt of subjects and provinces abroad, made it a fit moment for the daring woman to strike for a larger domain and to recover Egypt, which after Cleopatra's destruction, had passed wholly into Roman possession. She claired indeed a after Cleopatra's destruction, had passed wholly into Roman possession. She claimed, indeed, a descent from the Macedonian kings who founded the Ptolemy line, of which Cleopatra was the last representative. Her favorite general, Zabdas, with a superb army, entered Egypt, and in a very short time was master. To the north and west she also pushed her conquests, until her kingdom comprised all Syria, Armenia, Egypt and a portion of Asia Minor, including, of course, the famed cities of Jerusalem, Damascus, Antioch, Alexandria, etc.

She now reigned with undisputed sway, and Palmyra became renowned for its splendor, intelligence and prosperity. Zenobia, like Cleopatra, was possessed of a fine mind, and always had been a patroness of learning. As soon as she came to power she called around her famous instructors—among them the Roman Longinus,

structors—among them the Roman Longinus, one of the most celebrated of Latin scholars and one of the most celebrated of Latin scholars and writers. Under his instruction she became thoroughly conversant with Greek and Latin authors. For her Longinus composed his noble "Treatise on the Sublime"—so precious now, since it alone has preserved for us many fragments of poets whose works have utterly perished—among them those of Sappho. That a city surrounded by a boundless waste of sand, with no water save just enough for daily use, with no verdure save a few palms, should have grown to splendor and opulence, was due solely to the

rors. His fierce spirit first tamed the factions at home; then he bent his energies to restoring Rome's lost prestige and wasted incomes. Casting his eyes eastward, there stood Zenobia, Queen of the East, usurper and conqueror, disloyal to her master and arrogant in her independence. His stern soul chafed that a woman should have humiliated the Roman arms and wrested fair provinces from Roman rule, and scattering the Goths from his path in Macedonia and Byzantium, he passed on to Eastern Asia Minor, where Zenobia had established her authority.

Mmor, where Zenonia had established her authority.

The Queen of the East did not delay to confront the danger. She called in her troops from all her departments, and equipped a magnificent body of heavy cavalry, over forty thousand in number, mounted on the swift and hardy coursers of the desert. These—man and steed—she clad in steel. Her archers were over fifty thousand strong—all tried troops or specially thousand strong—all tried troops or specially chosen for strength and hardihood. Then she had her light legions to follow in the wake of the cavalry and cut down the disorganized masses

with the sword.
With these she marched to meet Aurelian. with these she marched to meet Aurelian, and the two armies came together near Antioch. It was a terrible battle, which ended in Zenobia's defeat. She retired to Emessa, and there a second battle was fought, of six hours' duration, in which the losses were very heavy—both sides literally fighting to the death. Zenobia was again overcome, and now retired with her scattered, disordered remnant to Palmyra, resolved there to battle to the end, still confident and undaunted. dent and undaunted.

dent and undaunted.

Not deterred by the dangers of the desert, and with renewed forces, Aurelian advanced to the City of Palms. Then followed a siege memorable in the annals of war. The city, strongly garrisoned and walled with massive masonry, defied the Roman's efforts of assault, while the wild Arabs on flying steeds hung around the Roman camps to cut off provision trains and detachments. Famine began to show its gaunt presence among the besiegers, and Auits gaunt presence among the besiegers, and Aurelian felt ill at ease for the result. So he offered honorable terms to the Queen, which she refused in a letter of haughty scorn. She defied his utmost efforts.

It is stated that this bravado was inspired by Carphing horse of success from the Fest and

fied his utmost efforts.

It is stated that this bravado was inspired by Zenobia's hope of succor from the East and from Persia; but Aurelian so met all attempts of her allies, either by force or bribery, as to shut out every prospect of relief; and receiving large accessions to his army by the return of Probus from his conquest of Egypt, the Emperor pressed the siege until there was no hope for the Queen. She then resolved upon escape, and mounted upon the swiftest dromedary of the deserts she eluded the enemy and took the road eastward to the Euphrates river—across which she was at least safe in person.

But Aurelian's light cavalry in pursuit overtook her just as she was entering a boat to cross the stream, and she was borne back to the Roman camp, a prisoner. The siege was ended. Zenobia lost, all was lost.

To appease the flerce clamor of the Roman soldiers for vengeance on those who had so long baffled them, her chief advisers—among them the wise and noble Longinus—were given to the sword, but the Queen was spared to exhibit at the Emperor's triumph. It is said that, terrified by the clamor for her blood, when she was brought into camp, she threw the responsibility for that letter of scorn upon Longinus, and plead for mercy by charging her desperate defense upon others. This is recorded to the discredit of a life that never before had been amenable to charges of cowardice and ingratitude.

Palmyra became a Roman city. With its fall

Palmyra became a Roman city. With its fall all Syria again reverted to the Western Empire. Zenobia was taken to Rome, and, with her chil-

Zenobia was taken to Rome, and, with her children, graced the conqueror's magnificent triumph (A. D. 273). The spoils were of incredible value, and Rome for the hundredth time was enriched with the plunder of devastated cities, ruined temples and depopulated provinces. The Syrian queen was treated with honor by Aurelian. He was a just man as well as a stern soldier. He gave her a beautiful villa on the Tiber. Her three sons were cared for and educated, and her two daughters eventually wed into noble Roman families. She herself, it is stated by certain authorities, married a Roman Senator and lived to old age.

### HAVE FAITH IN EACH OTHER.

Have faith in each other, be not too severe To the faults which you, looking for, see, For he whom thou judgest may be very near. The maelstrom that once threatened thee.

Remember thy fellow, so human, so weak, Alas! may unfortified be; Then withhold thou the censure so ready to fall, On the faults which you, looking for, see.

Unguarded his childhood by prayer, may have been, And his youth to much vice been exposed; The beautiful avenues along which you passed May to his lone feet have been closed.

Then choose not upbraidings for a brother who

errs, Try the Master's sweet antidote first, Let love and pure kindness, so rare in this world, Centrast with its cold, bitter curse.

Try it, my brother! Keep sowing the seed,
Till the fruitage drops down from the trees,
And counting His jewels God will number you in,
For the virtues He, looking for, sees.

# Lady Helen's Vow;

### THE MOTHER'S SECRET.

A Romance of Love and Honor. BY THE LATE MRS. E. F. ELLET.

CHAPTER XII.

A STRANGE DISCLOSURE, LORD ESTONBURY and Frank Ralston were settled at a hotel at the West End of London. Some days had been spent in the business with his solicitors that had brought the young mar-

quis to town.

He did not delay another visit on which he

had resolved: to the physician who had always attended the family when in town, and who knew every member of it almost as well as his To this faithful friend and skillful adviser the young man confided his misgivings and fears for his mother's reason. He related what had occurred, and gave his own impressions.

No; the Marchioness of Estonbury had never

No; the Marchioness of Estonbury had never shown the slightest symptom of aberration of mind. Her family, as far back as it could be traced, had no such taint; had no taint of any disease. She came of pure and vigorous stock. Her health had always been robust; she had scarcely known what sickness was. Dr. Harcourt decidedly was of opinion that her mind was perfectly sound, and that her strange conduct must be due to some other cause. She had always shown an imperious and determined temper; and when her heart was set upon an object, she would move heaven and earth to accomplish it.

no verdure save a few palms, should have grown to splendor and opulence, was due solely to the power that ruled it; and to-day, as the traveler, after weary leagues of journeying through a most desolate region, beholds the ruins of stately temples, palaces and public works of ornate must have been the mind that evoked them all.

The slumber of centuries broods over Palmyra, but the memory of the woman whose beauty, genius and ambition irradiated the Desert City shall live forever.

As Zenobia's good fortune had been largely at the wastelling of the woman whose so of the weakness or distraction of Rome's rulers, so her ill fortune came when the resolute Aurelian succeeded to the throne of the emperature of the state of the story told him by Chisholm and his wife. He placed the "Helen my mother's child? my sister!"

"Helen my mother's child? my sister!"

"Not your sister! You are not the son of the tenschoness, nor of her late husband!"

Another exclamation of scornful incredulity. It seemed a dark conspiracy to wring from him by Chisholm and his wife. He placed the marchioness, nor of her late husband!"

Another exclamation of scornful incredulity. It seemed a dark conspiracy to wring from him by Chisholm and his wife. He placed the whole hearts to a misguided affection for two whom he could have a confunded to posite the marchioness, nor of her late husband!"

It is true—too true!" sobbed the woman, lifting her clasped hands upward. "We have sake! She knew my lord—her late husband—was long in for an heir—for a boy to inherit his title. He raved continually of a boy; he to the year of the story told him by Chisholm and his wife. He placed the marchioness, nor of her late husband!"

It is true—too true!" sobbed the woman, lifting her clasped hands upward. "We have sake! She knew my lord—her late husband—was late of the story told him by Chisholm and his wife. He placed the whoth the word him his consent to the word on him by Chisholm and his wife. He placed the whoth the word him had been disclosed, but to ascert

to the marquis. She fancied she would thus secure the happiness of both, while she gratified the love that had wound itself round her own heartstrings. That kind of fascination was not uncommon. Lady Estonbury's iron will made her firm as a rock in resolving to carry out her wishes.

wishes.

Lord Estonbury was constrained to accept this explanation; but he was not satisfied. He induced Dr. Harcourt to promise that he would pay a visit at Estonbury Court, and observe her ladyship closely, while talking with her as a friend. He would communicate the opinion resulting from his interview at once to the marguis

quis.

Reginald was in his chamber one afternoon, of the day before the time fixed for his departure for Scotland with Ralston. His business was concluded; his yacht was under orders to meet the young men, as soon as their tour in the mountains was finished, at a certain point on the coast; the prospect seemed fair for a pleasant trip, and the young man's heart bounded as his fancy roved to the spot which was his first destination. He had written twice to the Baron of Swinton: once, soon after his father's first destination. He had written twice to the Baron of Swinton: once, soon after his father's burial; a second time, after their arrival in London, to say he hoped soon again to claim his hospitality. There was a warmth in the tone of the letter, which he intended to convey something of the feelings of his heart. His chivalrous homage, too, was breathed in the message sent to the baron's fair daughter. If he could, he would thus have told the story of his love.

He was seated in his chamber at the hotel.

He was seated in his chamber at the hotel. The windows and bed were curtained with embroidered white muslin. Flowers and glossy-leaved evergreens stood in vases on either side of an oval swing dressing-glass, on the marble top of a bureau. The walls were hung with four pictures in black wallunt frames leaving much of of a bureau. The walls were hung with four pictures in black walnut frames, leaving much of the space bare. The carpet was light, of a neat pattern, with clusters of flowers in the center of squares. The furniture was of the modern style, different from the massive antique of former days.

The door was open leading into the parlor be onging to the suit. It, too, was tastefully urnished, and was the handsomest the hotel af-

"Come in!" the young peer called out, in answer to a light tap at the door of his parlor. "Come in, Frank! Why do you use the cere-

swer to a light tap at the door of his parlor. 
"Come in, Frank! Why do you use the ceremony of knocking?"

The door opened slowly and softly. The rustle of a woman's dress was heard.

Reginald rose, threw aside the "Traveler's Guide" he had been consulting, to make himself familiar with the projected route through the Highlands, and walked into the outer room. He wondered that the servant had not announced a strange visitor. By this time the woman had entered. She made a formal curtsey, and drew aside her vail.

"Mrs. Chisholm!" he exclaimed, in utter astonishment. "Tell me at once, has anything happened to my mother?"

"Lady Estonbury is quite well," was the reply; the words being jerked out, as it were, each with a spasmodic effort.

"I am glad, indeed, to hear it. Why, then, did her ladyship send you to me?"

"My lady did not send me; leastwise she did not tell me to come, though she knew I would come, and she approved of it," the woman answered, faltering sadly in her embarrassment.

"Then you have left service at the court?"

"Then you have left service at the court?"
"I have, my lord. It was my duty to come with my husband."
"And what can I do for you, Mrs. Chis-

holm?"
He had not offered her a seat, though she looked as if one would be welcome; nor had he taken one himself. He felt annoyed at her coming to him in this unceremonious way.
"I have an engagement this afternoon, and am on the eve of a journey. Please to be brief, therefore, in saying what you wish me to do for you."

The woman shuffled from one foot to the other, glanced about her, and seemed at a loss how to begin. Then she retreated toward the door, which was still open, and beckoned to

door, which was still open, and beckoned to some one outside.

A man advanced from the head of the stairway, came to the door, and boldly entering, stood beside the trembling woman.

"A strange proceeding this!" said Reginald.

"How is it, Mr. Chisholm, that you venture into my presence in this way?"

"To support the courage of my wife," the man replied, with a touch of his former defiant insolence. "She can never get through with what she undertook."

"She comes with news, then?"

She comes with news, then?"

"But she said her lady was well."

"It is not that. We are here to disclose to you, sir, the secret which your lady mother—as you call her—shrunk from telling

"You deal in enigmas which I do not care to study. If there be any secret concerning your late mistress and myself, I prefer to hear it from

"She—my lady—tried to tell you; but she could not. Proud lady though she is, there are some things that humble her, and ought to crush

some things that humble her, and ought to crush her to the very dust."

"This is no language to use in my presence, and I shall hold no discourse with you—with either of you—on a subject in which my mother is involved."

"Oh, my lord!" cried the woman, wringing her hands, "let him speak! My lady bade him! You had better hear it from him than from others who do not care for you!"

"And the secret will soon be public property!" added the ex-steward

"And the secret will soon be public property!"
added the ex-steward.

"Speak, then, as briefly as possible!"

"The greatest of misfortunes," the man went
on to say, "may be averted if you will only
listen to her ladyship, and fulfill her dearest
wishes. If you would do as she desires, marry
the young girl she loves so tenderly, all may yet
be well."

"Silence!" exclaimed the young nobleman, in a rage. "Do you dare intrude yourselves on me here, to urge me to disgrace my name and lineage? Lady Estonbury could not have sent you for this!"

"She did, my lord!" passionately wailed Mrs. Chisholm. "It is her last hope, as it is her dearest wish in life!"

dearest wish in life!"

"Preposterous! This is your scheme, from beginning to end! I see through it; and I only wonder how you ever obtained an ascendency so great over your lady's mind as to lead her to think of such fortune for your daughter."

"You refuse to marry her, then?" asked Chisholm

"Sir, your insolence passes bearing! Leave the room instantly, or I will ring for the servants to put you out."

"Oh, listen to him a moment—only one moment!" pleaded the woman, with streaming

"Have done with all these supplications," stormed her husband. Then, addressing Reginald, who had walked to the bell and had his

naid, who had walked to the bell and had his hand on the rope, he added:

"You must hear the truth, then, for the first time in your life. Lady Estonbury wishes you to marry no daughter of ours. Helen is not our child, but her ladyship's own daughter!"

"Are you mad, fellow?" cried the young man, contemptiously.

contemptuously.

"I speak the solemn truth, as you will find from the proofs I shall produce."

"Helen my mother's child? my sister!"

"Not your sister! You are not the son of the marchioness, nor of her late husband!"

Another exclamation of scornful incredulity.

prove a boy! He tormented her night and day; she knew he would die of the disappointment, if it was not as he wished! She had lived many years childless, and now her very life depended on this one thing!"

"Yes," added Chisholm; "for my lord would have souther away, in disgrace, as it were aif.

He had once said that if her child should not have souther away, in disgrace, as it were aif.

"Yes," added Chisholm; "for my lord would have sent her away—in disgrace, as it were—if the expected birth disappointed his hopes."

"And you expect me to believe this folly of my father!" cried Reginald.

"Do not interrupt me. My late lord was from home when my lady's hour came. She gave birth to a gir!!"

Chisholm's wife here took the word.

"They thought my lady would have died—even the nurse and the doctor—when she knew it. I was just recovering from my own con-

it. I was just recovering from my own confinement the night she sent for me, to our house; and my husband took me in his arms to the carand my husband took me in his arms to the carriage, and carried me up the grand stairs to my lady's apartments. The nurse met me at the door, and whispered: 'Do everything she bids you—and save her life if possible!' The doctor said he had little hope of her."

"And my father was absent?"

"He was not expected for a week. He had gone to London."

"Well—go on."

"My lady was in a high fever and I saw in a

"Well—go on."
"My lady was in a high fever, and I saw in a moment her danger. Contradiction would have killed her. She drew my head down close to her lips and whispered that not a soul but the nurse and the doctor knew the sex of her child. She implored me as for life itself, to grant her prayer: to let the infants be exchanged!"
Reginald, white as death, dropped into a chair and covered his face with one hand. The woman went on:

chair and covered his face with one hand. The woman went on:

"I could not refuse to save her life. I meant to confess all to my lord when she died. The boy, my own child, was brought from our house just after midnight, by my husband, who told the servants that I was to stay all night with my lady, and must suckle him. You know we lived in the cottage at the end of the park, and none of the servants, nor any of the neighbors, had been to see me since the birth of my boy. He was brought into my lady's chamber; he was dressed in her child's clothes, and laid beside her. I took the little new-born girl into my bosom."

side her. I took the little new-born girl into my bosom."

"Did the doctor—was it Dr. Harcourt—countenance this fraud?" demanded the young man.

"Dr. Harcourt did not come for three days afterward. You see, the birth had been ten days before it was expected. Another doctor had been called in haste from a village in the neighborhood—ten miles distant."

"Did he support the trick?"

"He never knew of it. As soon as my lady recovered, she made my lord take her away for change of air. They went abroad that summer, and more than a year and a half passed before they came home. The village doctor was told that her little girl had died, and the boy had been born later."

She continued:

"He had been ordered to say nothing of the child to any one, because it was weakly and like to die; and my lady wished it believed that her first-born was a boy."

"He assented to this falsehood?"

"I paid him a heavy sum, myself, to keep the secret," said Chisholm. "But he really believed the little girl died before my lord and lady went abroad."

"And the register of the birth?"

"That was made at the time I speak for, and of the baptism, four weeks afterward."

"The date of the registered birth was of the time when, as you say, the children were exchanged?"

"And there is no registration of any subse-

"And there is no registration of any subsequent birth?"

"None; for there was no other. Lady Estonbury never had another child."

After a pause, Reginald resumed:

"You are aware that I cannot take all this as fact, upon your word only?"

"I am prepared for disbelief," answered the ex-steward. He took a paper from the breast-pocket of his coat, and handed it to the young man. "Here is a letter from her ladyship."

Reginald took the letter. He saw that it was a long one, and refolded it. He was not then in a state of mind to examine the proofs. Chisholm gave him three other letters, on paper yellow with age. They were from the maid to her absent mistress, giving accounts of the health of the little girl, once or twice named as "Your ladyship's dear child." These were laid with the other.

"You may leave me," said Reginald. "I will nuit up such evidence as can be found to be they have my interests at hearfs, and they we cleave to me as long as there is ground on white to stand."

"I should let the affair go to the courts fe decision."

"Perhaps there will be no need of that. would avoid unnecessary publicity. I would avoid unnecessary publici

"You may leave me," said Reginald. "I will look at these papers, and then they must go to my solicitors. Leave your address and be ready to give your testimony when they send

"What!" he exclaimed, "if I will join in the conspiracy, I may be allowed to keep the stolen title and estates! Leave me, before I lose my self-control altogether!"

"You may be angry," retorted the man, "but you cannot deny that you still owe respect and duty to her ladyship. She bade me say, that if you still refused to do her bidding, and thus drove her to the confession of the secret she has kept so long, she would immediately send for Mr. Maurice Howard. He is the heir, you know, failing issue of the late marquis—and she will marry her daughter to him. She is resolved that Helen shall reign at the court."

"I have requested you both to go, now," re-plied Reginald, taking no heed of the man's last

words.

"Oh, Reginald—my son!" cried the weeping woman, "be obedient to my lady! Spare us all—spare yourself—this terrible sorrow! Think what it would be to lose everything!"

Sternly the young man motioned to them both to quit the room. Chisholm placed a card on the table, with his address, and whispered to his wife, as he led her to the door:

"Let it work, and say no more! He will come down anon."

ome down anon.

The two passed out without a word. Only the woman turned an imploring glance backward. But Reginald saw it not. His arms were thrown on the table; his face was buried

CHAPTER XIII.

FOR SCOTLAND.

AFTER twilight had come on, Frank Ralston returned from his long walk, and found Reginald in the same attitude of despair. He was alarmed seriously, when the young man lifted a white and haggard face, with eyes suffused as if bloodshot, and seemed scarcely to hear his friend's repeated entreaties to know what was the matter. Then he wined the great days

the matter. Then he wiped the great drops from his forehead, and pressed it with both hands, before he was able to give any clear account of what had happened.

Reginald had no idea of concealment. If the fearful tale to which he had listened were true, there was but one course for him. But the shock had thrown him off his balance for the

He gave Frank a full recital of the story told

title and estates.

He had once said that if her child should not be a boy, he would know where to find an heir, of his own blood, too; and Lady Estonbury had

of his own blood, too; and Lady Estonbury had been terrified by apprehensions of a previous marriage. She had known there was some mystery in his life, she said; and dreaded its revelation. Hardly any woman in her case, she thought, would have scrupled to act as she did. She added, that she naturally shrunk from a public disclosure of these facts, and the blame that would be heaped on her. If Reginald would become the husband of her daughter, all should be buried in oblivion forever. If he refused, she would at once communicate with Maurice Howard, a distant cousin of the late marquis. He had seen Helen and greatly admired her. She would make her the wife of the true heir.

An exclamation of scorn escaped Reginald

An exclamation of scorn escaped Reginald more than once during the reading of this let-ter. "In any case," he said, "ought I not to be thankful, Frank, that such a woman never gave me birth?"
"I should think so, indeed," returned young

"But am I much better off," his friend murmured, with a groan of anguish, "to be the son of Chisholm and his wife?"

"I do not believe it! I cannot believe it!" cried the Scot, springing up and pacing the

cried the Scot, springing up and pacing the room.

"I now see clearly many things that have always seemed mysteries to me! The man, Chisholm, seemed to have secret power, of some sort, over Lady Estonbury. I have noted it on several occasions. She bore everything from him, and that nourished his native insolence till it became unbearable. Then, her infatuation for the girl, Helen. And she—she was too refined, pure and gentle for such parentage! It always seemed so to me."

"What do you mean to do, my boy?" asked Frank, after a long silence. "It seems to me transportation would be too good for these pliant tools of 'my lady."

"If they are punished she must be! I know not how the law would deal with them."

"Apparently, fear of punishment leads her

"Apparently, fear of punishment leads her ladyship to propose the alternative: marriage with her daughter, and undisturbed possession of the file and the fear of the

with her daughter, and undisturbed possession of the title and estates."

"It would seem so; else why should she be willing to wed her daughter to one of low birth—the child of menials in her employ?" said Reginald, with a moan he could not suppress.

"She counts on your unwillingness to relinquish all! And the girl is gentle! bears the impress of her noble birth! Would grace a title! Reginald, have you weighed the matter?"

Reginald looked him in the face, his noble soul flashing in his eyes.

Reginald looked him in the face, his noble soul flashing in his eyes.

"Weighed the proposal, do you mean? Ralston, do you think I would give one thought, for one instant, to such a proposition?"

"It would be a temptation to most men."

"If I am not the rightful heir to the marquisate do you think I would wear the title another hour? If Maurice Howard is the real and lawful Marquis of Estonbury, could I be bribed to defraud him of his rights?"

Frank grasped his friend's hand, and pressed it warmly between both his own.

"You shall go with me to Scotland, and we will consult my father. All this may be a falsehood; a trap; a conspiracy."

"It may be; and I must have other advice. I must see my solicitors at once. They will examine those people; will see Lady Estonbury; will hunt up such evidence as can be found. They have my interests at heart, and they will cleave to me as long as there is ground on which to stand."

"I should let the affair go to the courts for

I should let the affair go to the courts for

would avoid unnecessary publicity. I would spare the guilty woman; ay, and her tools. I cannot bear the thought—but, Frank—they may be my parents!"
"Never! A nature so noble, so high and pure as yours, never was inherited from such

people!"
"I confess my mind revolts against the idea.
The loss of title and estates would be a less ca-

amity, in my estimation."
"See your solicitors, my boy, in the morning, and leave the affair in their hands. You must go with me to Scotland."
"How can I go?" groaned Reginald, again covering his face. "Ah, there is the bitterness of worse than death!"
"I understand you. Sey nothing to the lead

go to my solicitors. Leave your address and be ready to give your testimony when they send for you."

A glance was exchanged between the exsteward and his wife.

"I have another message to give you," the man added. "It would be Lady Estonbury's wish that the matter should rest here, and the secret never be divulged. If you, sir, will submit to her will, it may be so."

Reginald started to his feet. The flush of indignation swept in a crimson flood over his face.

"What!" he exclaimed, "if I will join in the conspiracy, I may be allowed to keep the stolen love was of ancient and high lineage, for it matched my own. I despised poor Helen, thinking her born of such base blood as mine may prove to be!"

The agony with which these words were uttered touched Ralston's heart. He renewed his importunities, and obtained at last a promise from Reginald that he would go with him to his northern home.

#### his northern home. CHAPTER XIV.

THE OUTLAWED KNIGHT.

THE ancient mansion of Stone Crag was en-ivened with unusual gayety. The hospitality of its lord was claimed by Sir Victor Wilder, who was suspected in all the neighborhood of

having matrimonial intentions.

The baron was not ignorant of his admiration for the beautiful Alicia; though as yet not a word had been spoken to him on the subject.

The gentleman's father had been an old friend, and on that score the young man was always welcome.

Welcome.
Yet, Sir Victor was not a companion at all to Swinton's taste. He cared nothing for hunting, which was the elder man's passion; he abhorred the hounds, and was not fond of riding. Rachwhich was the elder man's passion; he abilitred the hounds, and was not fond of riding. Rather effeminate was he, and careful to a degree of his perfumed and well-dressed person. Tall and finely formed, with delicate features and a complexion white as milk, with tawny curling hair and beard, he was wont to bestow much time every day, with his valet's assistance, on an elaborate toilet. He breakfasted often in his room; and rarely joined the early morning meal of the baron and his daughter.

About noon he would enter the drawing-room or library, with the grace of one used to society, and spend hours toying with the silks and worsteds in the embroidery basket of his fair hostess, or in poring over newspapers that had come by the last post.

Or he would walk on the terrace, if he saw Alicia there, shiver in the crisp breeze, or praise the delightful coolness of the weather, and sometimes entice her to an arbor, where, throwing himself on the grass at her feet, he would read the state of the pass as the proper power selections.

sometimes entice her to an arbor, where, throwing himself on the grass at her feet, he would read aloud, from a book of new poems, selections which he gave with really fine elocution. This was ever agreeable to Alicia, who loved poetry dearly. Sometimes her guest would begher to practice duets with him. He had a splendid tenor voice, and had cultivated it with assiduous care. Such accomplishments had always secured to Sir Victor Wilder the especial favor of the fair sex.

secured to Sir Victor Wilder the especial favor of the fair sex.

A strong contrast with this courtly gallant was the rude, uncultured, yet really handsome young savage, Herrick Maur. He had arrived that same night, weary and anxious; had refused to sup with the family, and had retired to the suit of rooms prepared for his occupancy. These were exactly similar to those of Sir Victor, but on the opposite side of the corridor; they were furnished, too, in the same manner; for the baron had determined to treat the young

man with the respect due to his heir, and if possible to win his affection.

Early as Swinton descended to the morning repast, Herrick had already left the house. The groom said he had come himself to the stables, saddled his horse and rode away, leaving no message. The housekeeper said he had declined to wait for breakfast.

The baron ordered his own horse early, announcing his intention to ride over and see what had been the result of the contest between Kenneth's retainers and the government men.

He went first to the hut in the hawthorn dell among the larches. Matlin was there, with the village surgeon, who had just pronounced an unfavorable opinion in the case of the wounded officer. He was sinking fast; but retained his faculties clearly.

officer. He was sinking fast; but retained his faculties clearly.

His description of the man who he persisted in saying had caused his fall from the cliff led to the recognition of the so-called chief, Kenneth Maur, as the assailant. Two or three official persons from the nearest village had come to take the dying man's testimony, and the magistrate of the neighborhood, Sir George Vaughan, had issued a warrant for his apprehension.

hension.

The old castle was full of soldiers, but Sir Kenneth and his two body-servants were missing. Even the housekeeper had disappeared. Search was made for them by mounted constables, who scoured the country.

The castle was thoroughly searched. The fire that had broken out, and the stormy riot of that night of confusion, had left a portion of the walls a blackened and shattered ruin; without repairing, it was hardly a fit habitation even for the rough men to whom it had been a home.

mournful of countenance, as one who had been bereaved of all.

His father had left a letter for him with one of his retainers. He bade his son accept the protection of his kinsman, the baron, and live henceforth with him. Heir of the dignities of that ancient house, he had a just claim to the future provision he needed. Swinton had made offers, which he would now fulfill. Kenneth forbade his son to follow him abroad, or attempt to discover his retreat. He should stay away for the present; and in case of the death of the revenue officer, he could never return. Herrick would hear from him at intervals through Mat at the seer, and he was earnestly counseled to leave his former associates and ways, and fit himself, under his kinsman's guidance, for such society as befitted his future rank, etc.

Herrick showed this letter to the baron, who added his own advice to follow its counsel, and gave the youth the warmest assurances of his affection and a son's welcome to his house and heart.

"You are my nearest of kin and must come."

added his own advice to follow its counsel, and gave the youth the warmest assurances of his affection and a son's welcome to his house and heart.

A deep this have when I am gone, "he added in have had an interest in you, boy, from your birth; you well know that. I shall regard you has a son, Alicia will be a sister to you, and I look to you to be her guardian and protector when she loses me?"

A deep flush sweptover the young man's face at the allusion to the maiden he loved with an untamed passion. But he did not turn from her father's kindly proffers, grasping his hand in token of his grabitude in accepting them.

That night and the following Herrick was quartered at the castle, where he had an interview with Matlin. The wounded revenue office was dead.

The constables were still in search of Kenneti, whose fate was sealed in the event of his friend, "and leave this neighborhood. The baron's house is your home. Go to England, if he sends you to a university, and set foot more in Scotland. The people murmur since this lawless deed, and may visit it upon you."

But the young man persisted in being present at the corner's inquest, held in the inn of the seacoast village. Sir George Vaughan, as magistrate, presided, and several of the neighborhood. The had passed the man without a word, and quickened his pace as he went on. Others testified to ward the cliff, with a telescope in his hand, another had met Sir Kemneth coming home and had noticed that he was pale and excited. Had apassed the man without a word, and quickened his pace as he went on. Others testified to Matlin's strange language in the vision; be sent that he was pale and excited. Had apassed the man without a word, and quickened his pace as he went on. Others testified to Matlin's strange language in the vision; be sent of the doors regardless of friend or foe. It was sworn. He was unconscious of his hand, another had met Sir Kenneth coming home and had noticed that he was pale and excited. Had apassed the man without a word, and quickened his pace to have found her with the injured man. She craved his aid to carry him up, and he had taken him to his own dwelling. His best skill was taxed to help him and bind up his bruises. He added a full account of what had been done

for him.

The village doctor gave his testimony that the man had come to his death by the breaking of his ribs in the fall, and consequent pressure on the lungs, and impeded action of the heart. The dying deposition was read, and other corroborative testimony taken. The flight of Kenneth, Gregory and Hilda was convincing proof, crowning all the rest, of the chief's guilt.

Herrick, to whom suspicion had attached, was cleared by the testimony of persons who had seen him at that very hour, at a distance

was cleared by the testimony of persons who had seen him, at that very hour, at a distance of two miles from the spot. The presence and support of the baron stood him in good stead. No father could have more cordially sustained his own son in circumstances of peril. Swinton had feared it would be necessary for Alicia to circumstances of the control of the work of the wore of the work of

had feared it would be necessary for Alicia to give her testimony, but the young man was completely cleared without it.

Calm, stern and haughty, careless of aught that might happen to himself, stood Herrick during the examination. When it was over, he strode out of the im, and walked briskly away.

But he returned before the verdict of the inv. But he returned before the verdict of the jury

The guilt of "willful murder" was fixed on Kenneth Maur, and orders were issued for his kenneth Maur, and orders were issued for his arrest and committal to prison whenever he could be found. It was now certain that he had left the country; but no one knew whither the vessel had sailed. Only conjecture pointed to France as the refuge of the criminal.

The people dispersed, murmuring and divided in their comings and feelings.

delay, while he lingered to transact some business with Sir George Vaughan. (To be continued—commenced in No. 417.)

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES writes at a window from which an extensive and interesting view may be had; but that is a practical disadvantage, he says, for it leads his mind away from his subject. His belief is that "a range of vision which presents little or nothing to attract the could for the country of the could be considered.

#### LIFE.

BY OCTOBER JAMES.

What is Time? A little space
Taken from eternity,
In which each one takes his place,
Passes to the great To-be;
Working—sleeping,
Laughing—weeping,
Ever reaching for a goal,
Sometimes tripping,
Often slipping
Back, to lose the whole!

## A Rough Wedding.

Tom Braden turned away from the cabin of John Brooks with a sad and heavy heart. The young hunter had wooded and won the love of the settler's lovely daughter, Matie; but his suit had been spurned by the hard-hearted father, and he had been forbidden of ever crossing the threshold of Brooks's cabin or of ever speaking to Matie again. And all this paternal sternness was because Tom Braden was a poor man—a mere hunter—notwithstanding the fact that he had laid up a snug little sum out of his hard earnings with trap and rifle.

Captain Joseph Smithers was the man to whom Brooks was anxious to wed his daughter, for he was a gentleman and a man of means. Despite his own poverty, Brooks had not outgrown his a "stocratic notions in five years' residence on the condescend to see his child wedded to a "vagabond hunter," as he called Tom.

Captain Smithers "filled the bill" exactly

repairing, it was hardly a lin habitation even for the rough men to whom it had been a home.

The soldiers in possession had spent hours in drunken carousals, and had stripped the best rooms of many modern articles of furniture, leaving the massive and grimy cabinets and tables, the tattered tapestry, and the pewter flagons and dishes, as not worth plunder.

When the baron arrived, he consulted with Vaughan, and orders were given to dispossess these vagrants, and to secure the doors and windows against ingress; as the few of the household who were left refused to remain there, unprovided for and unpaid. They were not long in scattering in different directions.

No trace of the smugglers' goods was found, but the cave was discovered and ransacked; without any result, as the goods had been carried off. There was no danger, however, of a renewal of the illegal impores for a long time to come.

The baron came upon Herrick, wandering, like a lost spirit, about his former home, and mournful of countenance, as one who had been bereaved of all.

His father had left a letter for him with one of his retainers. He bade his son accept the protection of his kinsman, the baron, and live henceforth with him. Heir of the dignities of that ancient house, he had a just claim to the future provision he needed. Swintonhad made offers, which he would now fulfill. Kenneth forbade his son to follow him abroad, or attempt to discover his retreat. He should stay away for the present; and in case of the death of the revenue officer, he could never return. Herrick would hear from him at intervals through Mat would hear from him at intervals

minister came with his prayer-book in his hand and old Alkany Perry came with his fiddle under his arm. The girls in their best calico dresses and the boys in their store-clothes came dropping

in by twos.

Old Mr. Brooks never seemed happier; Matie never seemed sadder.

Captain Smithers, in his splendid suit of wedding-clothes was the center of attraction.

Everybody admired his fine, military bearing, and religied graceful manners. He became a

ne. Then the settlers took courage, and army themselves hastened to Brooks's cabin. To air surprise they found that no one had been filled, nor even wounded; but two persons were missing. Matie Brooks, the intended bride, and mother young girl—a friend of Matie's—were cone. The savages had carried them away. Of his there was no doubt, and so the gallant nithers at once organized a party and started

The savages had gone north, leaving a broad rail behind them. With the aid of l'interns mithers's party was enabled to follow on quite

rapidly.

At daylight they halted to rest and breakfast on the biscuit and dried venison brought along. They had finished their meal and were about to resume their pursuit when they heard the report of fire-arms some distance in advance.

"The red devils must have met with a party of hunters," said the wise Captain Smithers. "Just listen! they're having a sharp engage-Let us hurry forward and help our

They moved on, but the firing soon ceased. Ten minutes later the pursuers were met by om Braden and five other men who had, under heir protection, Matie Brooks and the other aptive girl. Braden and his friends had whip-

ed the Indians and rescued the girls.
Old Mr. Brooks fairly wept with joy when he calized that his child was safe. He clasped her eanized that his child was sale. He clasped her o his breast and kissed her a dozen times; and then he learned, from one of the men, that to om Braden was owing her rescue, the old man orgot all his dislike of him, and showered a

vessel had sailed. Only conjecture pointed to France as the refuge of the criminal.

The people dispersed, murmuring and divided in their opinions and feelings.

Herrick was led away by the baron, who entreated him to ride home to Stone Crag without delay while he lingared to transact some business.

Before Matie could comply with his request in case she intended to, at all, one of the five strangers with Braden advanced, and confrontstrangers with Braden advanced, and confronting Smithers with a cocked revolver, said:
"My dear Jack Brannon, you will please place your aristocratic wrists in these handcuffs.

"I'm a-dyin', an' none o' you won't help me!" he gasped, as he saw that he had attracted attention. "Do somethin' to stop this awful fire inside o' me!—'pears like I'm in hell a'ready!" With a warning glance at the colonel, Dr. Smithers turned red and white by turns. He became rooted to the spot with abject fear, and before he was aware of it, the other men had slipped a pair of handcuffs upon his wrists. But, finally, his fear turned to rage, and he debut the many in towible language acquired. Smithers turned red and white by turns. He became rooted to the spot with abject fear, and vision which presents little or nothing to attract the occult forces represented in the intelligent concentration of the gaze is best calculated to lead to good results when the individual is engaged upon any task requiring uninterrupted intensity of thought."

Smithers turned red and white by turns. He became rooted to the spot with abject fear, and before he was aware of it, the other men had struments. There may be a hope for you, without into so near as to interfere with the private force and white by turns. He became rooted to the spot with abject fear, and before he was aware of it, the other men had before he was aware of it, the other men had struments. There may be a hope for you, without into conscious of a feeling of admiration for the socut's blind, unreasoning devotion to his friend, and hesitated to utter the word that could only and hesitated to utter the word that could

Smithers as an institution of the strength of "Oh, this means business, stranger," said one of the men; "you see, we are detectives, and have been after that man six months. He's Jack Brannon, one of the most accomplished rogues unhung. He's the man that robbed the Red Rock Bank, a year ago. A dying pal squealed on him, and as there was a big reward, we five went to work. He has three wives living now in the States. Oh, he's a royal scamp, men."

Time proved to Mr. Brooks that every word of this was true, and so the old man was often heard to thank God that the Indians did attack his cabin that night in the nick of time to save

his child.

And so Tom Braden, the young hunter, married Matie after all; but he never dared tell the old man, until years afterward, that the attack by Indians on his cabin was a "job" put up by himself and Matie, and Matie's girl friend, and that he and the detectives were the Indians that broke up the wedding.

### AT EVENTIDE.

BY HERMAN KARPELS.

An old dame sat at her cottage door—
'Twas the close of an autumn day—
A cottage that stood by the river shore,
With ivy and jasmine twining o'er;
A silvery brooklet flowed before,
Making music on its way.

The gathering shades fall on the sand—
Why sitteth the old dame there?
By the cold night breeze her face is fanned,
Yet she sees not sky, nor sea, nor strand,
But only that in her aged hand—
A cluster of auburn hair.

The brooklet that murmurs past she hears, Yet she heeds not its onward flow; She is lost in the memory of bygone years, And her mild blue eyes are filled with tears, For a youtbful form to her mind appears— A form of the Long Ago.

How slowly the years have rolled away!
Yet he cometh not back to me;
And I ponder and dream in the evening gray,
Thinking he's still with the boys at play,
Tho' it's twelve long years, this autumn day,
Since my darling went off to sea.

Twelve long years, with their weight of woe
On a wearied and aching brain;
Day after day passing on so slow,
From summer's heat to winter's snow,
Weary of watching them come and go,
With their burden of care and pain.

My heart from affliction's scourge is sore—
Oh, Father! hear my prayer!
Grant that I'll see my boy once more;
Grant that he'll come to my cottage door,
Till I'll kiss him again, as I did of yore—
My darling! my angel fair!"

Down in the deep, with the nameless dead, Her darling, her loved one lies; Sleep ou, fair boy, in thy ocean bed; The waves make music above thy head; Sleep on, fair boy, till the day of dread Shall bid thee once more arise.

\* \* \* \* \*

But—was it a sigh from the upper air?
Or a call from the Peaceful Shore?
When the night had fallen they found her there:
Clasped to her breast was that tress of hair;
God had looked down and heard her prayer—
Her darling she met once more!

# Happy Jack;

The White Chief of the Sioux. A ROMANCE OF SPORTS AND PERILS OF POST AND PLAIN.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR. CHAPTER XXII.

GROPING IN THE DARK

GROPING IN THE DARK.

FOR one moment Happy Jack stood motionless, a sort of dazed incredulity written upon
every feature. He seemed to be listening to
words intended for somebody else. But as, in
obedience to the colonel's orders, the four soldiers advanced to arrest him, his magnificent
form suddenly straightened, his head was flung
proudly back, his face flushed hotly, and a dangerous light filled his eyes—as though, unarmed,
he would defy their power to arrest him for a he would defy their power to arrest him for head, his hands unclenched, he was ready for the inevitable

meant to resist arrest, and his brown fi closed quickly around the stock of his revolver resolved to fall or stand beside his "pard." Then he saw how Jack had abandoned the vair Inen he saw how Jack had abandoned the van hope of resistance—and his resolve was promptly taken. He sprung swiftly before Happy Jack, and drawing his revolvers, dropped them upon the ground at Colonel Markham's feet.

"You fellers is on the wrong trail," he began,

speaking slowly and with a peculiar dogs that was impressive in itself. "He never killed that man—he couldn't do it—'tain't in him. E you want to know who did it, I'm the man— I sw'ar by the Etarnal that I shot Can'n St. A pair of strong hands were placed upon his oulders, and turning his head, he met the gaze

of Happy Jack—a look that seemed to reach his very heart, a look full of strong affection, yet laughing and quizzical.

"You mean well, old man, but it won't work. The bullet will not fit your pistol, and it will fit mine. I thank you all the same, but the best thing, you can do for me is to reit and let. fit mine. I thank you all the same, but the best thing you can do for me is to wait—and let matters take their course. I ask it, for the sake of old times, pard," and he gently pushed Bill to one side, adding: "I am your prisoner, colo-nel; only—there is one person here who can clear me, if he will. I mean the man lying yon-der," and he pointed toward Ben Watson, be-side whom knelt a little fat man, the surgeon of the fort, and who at that moment hastily arose.

arose.

"A paper—directed to you, sir," he said, in answer to Colonel Markham's glance. "He had

With a changing countenance Colonel Mark-ham read the message—the same which Happy Jack had written while the prisoner of Baby n. Strange as it may sound, he had almost gotten the unexplained absence of his daugh, in the discovery of the murdered man and hasty investigation which followed. Now turned to Happy Jack, and asked:

You wrote this? What does it all mean?"

The young scoutgave a hasty explanation, his ords creating no little excitement among his aditors. Brief as had been her residence at orus creating no hauc variations. Brief as had been her residence at ort Western, her grace, her beauty and spirits, at above all, her kind heart and ready hand ad made her the idol of the boys in blue. But of them all, no one listened more intently than Ben Watson, and as he learned how utterly he and his comrades had been duped by the scout, mentally vowed a bitter vengeance against e man, even though in carrying it out, he ould find it necessary to sacrifice his own life. And unwilling to lose one moment's time, he gave vent to a hollow groan, contorting his face as though in mortal agony.

"I'm a-dyin', an' none o' you won't help me!"

Mr. Brooks looked upon the treatment of Smithers as an insult, and in strong, threatening tones demanded:

"Gentlemen, what means this treatment of Captain Smithers?"

awful eyes is on me, I cain't do or say nothin' but what he is willin' I should. Take him away, an' I'll—tell all I know."

The effort seemed to exhaust him. His eyes closed, his breath came faint and fitfully. The worthy doctor looked puzzled, as well he might, for Watson's wound, though severe, was by no means mortal. Yet, deeming it advisable to learn the truth, by all means, he withdrew the colonel to one side and made him understand his plan. Markham nodded, and then motioned for the men to fall back, asking the two scouts to accompany him for a moment. Drawing them beyond ear-shot, he improved the opportunity in learning what had occurred since the interrupted rabbit-chase.

Meanwhile, Ben Watson was pouring forth his confession to the startled and scandalized surgeon. The decoy was nothing if not dramatic. With a better education he would have made a superb sensational novelist—and better than most, his stories, though impromptu, in this case, hung well together—there were no ragged ends, no useless threads—just enough and nothing cut to waste.

He stated that himself and Happy Jack were old friends, and had been engaged in more than one pretty piece of work in the years gone by, though for some time they had been working different leads. They had met that night in the valley, by accident, but while Miss Markham was sleeping, Happy Jack had revealed a bold plan by which a large sum of money might be made, without much risk. The lady was to be held for ransom. The preliminaries were carried out faithfully, the scout being treated as a prisoner while before Miss Markham. But there was a plot within a plot. The two—himself and Happy Jack—had arranged to secure the whole sum demanded as ransom for themselves. Watson was to carry the letter to the fort, where it was expected that the colonel would promptly act upon the information therein contained. Meantime, the scout was to steal Miss Markham as expected that the others, and place her in a secure hiding-place. Of course the other men ham away from the others, and place her in a secure hiding-place. Of course the other men would take the alarm and flee for safety, the would take the alarm and flee for safety, the cave would be found empty, and in time the father would be forced to pay the money to Watson, as demanded. He was to make tracks at once, only setting up a signal which his partner would understand. Then Happy Jack was to carry Miss Markham away to the rendezvous, where, unless she would agree to become his wife, she was to be used to extort still further sums of money.

"I see him airly this mornin', an' he told me the gal war all safe, but wouldn't say whar he'd hid her. He said I must foller an' watch the fellers he was with, 'cause thar was a man—ven—

hid her. He said I must foller an' watch the fellers he was with, 'cause thar was a man—yender he lays, boss!—a man thar as could an' would sp'ile the play ef he warn't wiped out. I tried to beg off, but—I cain't explain how, but when he looks at me, I'm jist like a machine—I hain't got the feelin's of a man a-tall. I've got to do jist what he says. It's some devil's medicine mebbe."

Magnetism," ventured the surgeon, wiping

"Mebbe—I don't know. Anyhow, I said I'd do it. I tried, but my cap bu'sted, an' the feller shot me! then he kem out, an' shot him from over yender. Than! that's the truth an' nothin' but the truth, so help me—!" and the lying wretch sealed his flendish fabrication with a solemn oath.

wretch sealed his hendish fabrication with a solemn oath.

Dr. Hurlbutt, never very acute, was thoroughly and utterly deceived. Not that he believed Watson was dying, but that he really thought so, and the confession, though so horrible, was so adroitly told that it sounded far more like truth than truth itself.

Drawing Colonel Markham aside, he hurriedly detailed what Watson had confessed, deepening the impression of its truth, though possibly unconsciously, by his method of speaking about it. From that moment Colonel Markham doubted no longer. All feeling of pity, of regret, vanished before a stern resolve to punish to the utmost limit of his power, the wretch who had so basely plotted against the peace and happiness of his idolized child. He almost cursed himself for the leniency he had thus far shown him.

In a hoarse voice he ordered the soldiers to In a hoarse voice he ordered the soldiers to make ready—to cover the prisoner with their carbines. He was obeyed in silence, save an angry oath from the lips of Bill Comstock, who sprung before his friend as though the threatened volley should first pass through his breast. "Sergeant Bowen," added the officer, "advance and bind the prisoner. If he attempts to resist, or if any man interferes, stand aside and leave the rest to me!"

"Take care—we kin jist lick the hull outfit!"

"Take care—we kin jist lick the hull outfit!" hissed Comstock, still standing before Happy Jack, but then those hands put him aside as they had once before, and the young scout utte

ou can serve me better by waiting, pard You know that some one killed him—seek him out. If too late to save, at least revenge me or

Comstock said not a word. There was a strange lump in his throat that would not let him. He stood aside and saw Jack extend his hands for the thongs. Then he squatted down upon the ground, hiding his face in both hands. This was a terribly strange and new experience

him-never before had he felt so helpless Not so with the prisoner. He seemed the calmest person within the little valley, and his sounded clear and self-contained as he aded Colonel Markham:

dressed Colonel Markham:

"May I ask why you have so suddenly—"

"Ask nothing—but tell me, where have you hidden my daughter? Tell me, I say—!"

"If she is not at the cave, I do not know—"

"A lie! you have hidden her away—your partner in the foul plot has confessed everything. Tell me what I have asked, or by the living Eternal! I will tear you limb from limb!" raged the officer, fairly frantic.

"Sir, you lie when you call me a liar. Until you have apologized for that lie, I will not speak another word," uttered Happy Jack, in a low, stern voice.

Dr. Hurlbutt now interposed, whispering ow words in the colonel's ear. With a visib few words in the colonel's ear. With a visible effort, Markham choked down his rage, though it was several moments ere he could speak.

He called forth the names of six men, and as
the soldiers advanced, he continued:

"You will remain here, and guard the prisonr. If he attempts to escape, or if any of his
onfederates appear, your first duty will be to
low his brains out. Otherwise, await my reurn. Sound boot and saddle, there! You,
lomstock, will guide us to this cave—"
"I'll see you defined any the appearance of the control of t

Comstock, will guide us to this cave—"
"I'll see you d—d fust—an' then I won't!"
bluntly interrupted Bill. "Not one lick o' work
do you git out o' me while you keep my pard,
thar, tied up—"
"Do you wish me to place you under arrest,
sir2"

sir?"

"You kin order—but thar'll be twelve men go under fust—an' you'll be the fust to lead the way," and as he spoke, Comstock drew and cocked his revolvers. "Treat him like a white man, an' I'll do what ye like. Take his parole, ontie his han's, an' we'll both try to make this 'ere muddle out. Ef not—then you don't git nothin' out o' this chicken softer nor lead pills—you hear me!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE LOST TRAIL

THE scene was a peculiar one—a single man apparently defying three-score. Squatting upon the low bowlder, with a cocked and half-leveled revolver in each hand, his dark, Indian-like face bearing a hard, dogged expression, his small, black eyes alone betraying any excitement, Bill Comstock awaited the answer to his hold defiance.

he could overlook the pointed challenge of the

he could overlook the pointed challenge of the scout, without positive injury to his influence and discipline.

At this moment Happy Jack, his arms bound, passed over to where Comstock crouched, and spoke rapidly, earnestly:

"If you are really anxious to serve me, Bill, you must drop the trail you are on, and take up the right one. You promised to hunt out the real murderer—how can-you keep your word if you butt your brains out against a rock that you can pass quietly around? If you want to serve me, find Miss Markham. Take up the trail for these men, do the best you know, and trust to time for the rest. Say you will do this—there is no other man here who would have one eye for my interest, while working for hers. You will go—as a favor to me, pard?"

one eye for my interest, while working for hers. You will go—as a favor to me, pand?"

"I'd go to h—l itself, ef you axed me, Jack—thar! Cuss the dust!" and Bill winked his eyes, savagely. "'F you fellers' spect me to trail fer ye, you'd best pick up your legs mighty lively you hear?

—you hear?"
As he spoke, Comstock sprung up the rocks, not daring to cast a single glance backward. Colonel Markham hesitated for a moment, and there was a curious expression of mingled doubt and regret upon his face as he glanced at the prisoner, who had quietly returned to his former position beside his guards. Could this man be guilty of such cold-blooded crimes? And yetwhy had the man, believing himself to be dying, why had he accused the prisoner, if innocent? And the proof of the murder was so plain!

plain!
With an effort the colonel brushed aside these With an effort the colonel brushed aside these reflections, and bidding Sergeant Bowen remain in command of the guards and their prisoner, he sprung into the saddle and rode rapidly around the rocky spur, then galloping on in pursuit of Comstock, who had already taken up the broken trail and was following it at a long, swift, loping stride.

There was little difficulty after this, for the trail was deep and broad, and within the hour Comstock paused at the foot of the ascent which led to the cavern in the hill.

Colonel Markham sprung from the saddle and led the way in person, entering the cavern without opposition. But here he was compelled to pause until materials could be collected for starting a fire, for none could tell what pitfalls lay before them, shrouded by the inky blackness.

Several torches were speedily constructed, and by their aid the cavern was hastily explored Though it was found untenanted by other than their own party, there were scattered around ample evidences that the retreat had not long been about oned.

ample evidences that the retreat had not long been abandoned.

Comstock had not entered the cave, but busied himself looking for "sign," not without success. He found where the outlaws had kept their horses, and found, too, where Simoom and the little chestaut mare, which Kate Markham had ridden, had been tethered. He followed their trail back to the front of the cave, and when Colonel Markham returned, he pointed out two small footprints upon a bit of moist ground.

"Them was made by your daughter. The man with those big boots on, lifted her onto her critter—the same mar' which she rid that day back yender. Does that look like my pard stole er away las' night? An' he with us as airly as

aidnight?"
"You think, then, that that fellow lied? That
ny child is still with this party?" asked the colo-

"I know he lied—an' if he lied in one thing, why not in the hull? Jack never had no more o do with killin' Cap' Stone then you did—not durned bit!"

'I wish I could believe it—but the proof! the

"I wish I could believe it—but the proof! the evidence is so strong—"
"Look here, boss. I kin prove he was with us steady from midnight, last night. Now call out any one o' your men as knows anythin' about trailin'. Ax him what time them tracks was made, afore dew-fall or a'ter dew-fall. I kin prove that the dew fell jest afore day fa'riy broke—come down most like a rain. Now that cuss back yender said my pard kerried off the gal afore he j'ined us, full twenty mile from here. Putt two an' two together; that's all I ax."

ax."

Colonel Markham said nothing, though Bill saw that his arguments were not lost, and he once more took up the trail, following it steadily and without a break until reaching the point where the outlaws had separated.

A brief scrutiny showed him that Simoom and the chestnut mare had not parted company, and that fact decided him which trail to follow. Five minutes later he halted, and at his signal, Colonel Markham advanced.

onel Markham advanced.

Comstock pointed to where the visible trail aded, then to several threads of woolen stuff attered around. "The jig's up, boss. The varmint's putt blanket-shoes on the critters. Nothin' shorter'n t four-legged hound could foller 'em now," nietly said the scout.

must-it shall be followed!" cried the "It must—it shall be followed!" cried the father, half frantic with fear and suspense. "Them's big words—easier to say than to live up to," was the deliberate response. "It mought be did, say a man crawled on his two knees an' nosed his way, so to speak—ef he had plenty o' daylight an' nothin' else hendered. But look—the sun is down, an' wuss: you see them clouds! We'll have a rain afore day, sure as shootin'. You kin guess how much trail that'll

shootin'. You kin guess how much trail that'll ave."
A bitter groan burst from Markham's lips as he read the truth of the scout's words. seemed against him in every shape.

"Find my child—find her, and you shall have all you ask. I will give you a thousand

I'd do it ef I could-not fer your money, though, but 'cause he axed me to. Ef a show, I'd stick to it, but thar hain't. a snow, I'd stick to it, but thar hain't. Thar's only two things you kin do. Send your men out to hunt the hills through; or pay the money as that bit o' paper told ye. Onless—mebbe you could wring the truth out o' that wounded cuss. He must know whar the rest was boun' fer. Putt him in my han's—let me hev my own way, an' I'll squeeze the hull truth out o' him ef man kin do it."

sun had set. The black, threatening ouds were rapidly overspreading the sky, and ere was not the least possibility of finding the trail that evening. Reluctantly enough Colonel Markham gave the order to retrace their steps. Comstock rode beside him, two of the soldiers "doubling up" for the occasion; and the scout earnestly urged the case of his friend. The colonel seemed impressed, but finally said:

"He has been accurated of murder, be must

"He has been accused, but many said:
"He has been accused of murder—he must stand his trial. It shall be a full and impartial one, and if he can prove his innocence no man will be more pleased than I. But—if he is found guilty, though he were my own son, he should suffer the full penalty! I can listen to nothing more, though I honor your fidelity to your friend."

By the time they reached the little valley where Captain Stone had met his death, the darkness had become intense, and Colonel Markham gave orders for the company to go Markham gave orders for the company to go into camp for the night. The horses were securely tied, though feed there was none. Several fires were kindled, and, gathered around these, the soldiers munched their dry rations at their ease. Comstock gained the colonel's permission to keep Happy Jack company, on pledging his honor not to aid the prisoner in any manner to escape.

The two friends conversed in whispers, eager and seemingly persuasive on Bill's part, while Happy Jack, though his voice was peculiarly soft and even affectionate, appeared to be steadily refusing to grant Comstock's request. The guards remained where they could see every motion, by the red glare of the fires, but not so near as to interfere with the privacy of the conversation.

As the evening wore on, the wounded man,

CHAPTER XXIV.
BLACK HOLLOW.

STRAIGHT ahead rode Baby Tom, a broad smile upon his face, and a soft chuckle playing up and down in his big throat, as he recalled how adroitly he had "played" his captive. He looked little like a ruffian, save for his free and easy style of dress. A little soap and water, a little judicious trimming of the thick, curling beard and hair, would have discovered a comely if not handsome face, by nature filled full of good-humor and blunt honesty—and weakness. Time was when Thomas Bascom might have been pointed out as a model farmer, neighbor and husband; but whisky and cards changed all and husband; but whisky and cards changed all this, until now he was outlawed for more than one trangression of the law, was driven to live by the strong hand, to sleep beneath the black shadow of a dangling rope. Choking down her emotions, Kate Markham

covertly watched the movements of the party she had discovered, and once when Baby Tom turned his head away, she ventured to wave her hand toward them, hoping against hope that they would understand her appeal. Then, as if by magic, the horsemen vanished as utterly as though the earth beneath their feet had opened

though the earth beneath their feet had opened and swallowed them up.

The succeeding ten minutes were full of painful suspense to Kate, for Baby Tom, though clearly unsuspecting the vicinity to be occupied by other than himself and captive, had changed his course until heading almost directly for the spot where the strangers had disappeared. And her heart gave a wild bound as the four horsemen suddenly spurred into view, uttering loud cries as they dashed forward.

Baby Tom wenched both horses to a strand

Baby Tom wrenched both horses to a stand-still as though about to seek safety in flight, but a single glance showed him the truth, and with a glad cheer he rode forward to meet his friends, for these were the men whose absence was spoken of by Martha Bascom while freeing

Was spoken of by Martina baseom withe freeing Happy Jack.

In a few hasty words Baby Tom gave them a synopsis of all that had transpired, and their reasons for seeking a new lair. Knowing the value of caution, the men dismounted and carefully muffled the hoofs of their horses, then turned to bear the giant company to Black Hol-

us consumed was of great benefit to Kate. Her hopes had soared so high, the reality had proved so bitterly disappointing that without those few minutes for regaining her composure, she must have given way entirely. As it was, the remainder of her long ride was little better than a blank. She was conscious of rapid, steady motion, but that was all The day was fully two-thirds spent when the ttle cavalcade came to a halt beside a narrow little cavalcade came to a halt beside a narrow but swift and turbulent stream that seemed to find birth beneath a gloomy, frowning mass of rocks and shoubbery, above which, almost per-pendicular, without break or passage, towered the white face of a mountain.

"We're 'most to home, miss," uttered Baby Tom, as he dismounted and lifted Kate from her saddle, "Thar's a nasty bit to cross, yit, but you kin trust me to take you through all safe. you kin trust me to take you through all safe. Ondly—it's fer your own good; you'd git skeered an' most likely pitch us both into the drink—an' I reckon a feller could go clean through a thrashin'-machine an' come out in better fix than he would threugh them rocks!"

Kate instinctively shrunk back as she saw him propose to blindfold her eyes, but at the touch of his brawny hand she saw the folly of attempting resistance, and passively submitted to her

ing resistance, and passively submitted to her fate. Bidding his followers look after the ani-mals, Baby Tom raised the maiden in his arms, and passed up the stream, pressing the leafy screen as though about to attempt to scale the precipitous rocks. But instead, before him yawned a black opening through which the swift waters rushed with a hollow, rumbling roar. This opening somewhat receptled by roar. This opening somewhat resembled the mouth of a huge river. The roof and sides were of solid rock. Close to the edge of the water ran a narrow ledge, damp with spray and slime. Along this precarious trail, shrouded in almost inky blackness, Baby Tom moved slowly, feeling his way foot by foot, knowing that a single misstep, the slightest slip, would precipitate them both into the swirling waters to an almost certain death among the many sunken rocks and bowlders. And, stout though his nerves were the giant gave a long breath of wilds. certain death among the many sunken rocks and bowlders. And, stout though his nerves were, the giant gave a long breath of relief as the faint glimmer of daylight ahead grew stronger and he emerged into a long, narrow

Very appropriately had it been christened Black Hollow, for a more gloomy place could scarcely have been found out in the open air. The narrow valley was almost completely roofed in with the black and somber pines and first that shot out from either side of the divided mountain. Only when the sum was divisible.

mountain. Only when the sun was directly overhead could its yellow light penetrate the secrets of the hidden valley. The day was twilight, the night utter blackness.

Baby Tom pressed through the dense shrubbery until he reached a small clearing in which stood several underbrush huts. Beside one of these he paused, and removing the bandage from Kate's eyes bade her enter. In silence she obeyed, and as the brush-wattled door was obeyed, and as the brush-wattled door was closed behind her she sunk wearily upon the pine-leaf littered floor, her spirit utterly broken by anxiety and fatigue. A few moments later she lay sleening heavily.

eves to protrude with genuine horror, used as he was to such scenes.

"I shouldn't wonder if the wretch—why, just think!" he spluttered, addressing the colonel, while inspecting his pocket case for a soporific. "If what the fellow says is true, he's murdered his own father and mother—and the rest of the family, for all I can say!"

It was with difficulty that he administered the drug, and the greater portion of it was spilled, but the nortion swallowed by the patient seemed sufficient. The rawings gradually guiet, and an hour later the doctor ground watson asleep, though greatly exhausted.

"I fear he'll never be able to bear transportation to the post, and yet—I can hardly understand it! The wound should not be so dangeross. It has cut no important artery, it has missed all vital organs—unless it has taken a diagonal course, from striking a bone. If now had my tools—"

But no one listened to the worthy if prosplaced on guard, to be relieved at stated intervals, and then, seeking such shelter among the rocks as they could from the driving wind and threatening rain, the remainder composed themselves to sleep.

For some time Happy Jack and Comstock conversed over the mysterious events of the past day, striving in vain to see their, but their datique and brook he stellenge and there are also and side by side they lay down and in a few moments more were selepting as soundly as though trouble and danger were not.

The storm held off until past midnight; then the low rumbling of thunder broke the silence, and quick flashes of lightning pierced the blackness. A huge drop of rain, cold as ice-water, struck upon the neck of the guard, and aroused his dropoling senses. A vivid fash of lightning intered the blackness. A huge drop of rain, cold as ice-water, struck upon the neck of the guard, and aroused his dropoling senses. A vivid fash of lightning pierced the blackness. A huge drop of rain, cold as ice-water, struck upon the neck of the guard, and aroused his dropoling senses and sufficient of the surface and quick fla

"Thomas Bascom has resolved to extort this money from your father, and still keep you in his possession. Hist! if your cry reaches their ears, we are lost!"

For several minutes the two women maintained perfect silence, then the elder one opened the door to recomnoiter. All was quiet. The outlaws seemed unsuspicious, and she returned to the trembling maiden.

"I overheard them talking while you were sleeping. You are not to be set free when the ransom money is paid, but are to be frightened into a marriage with him, by threats of still worse treatment—"

"But—you are his wife—"

mto a marriage with him, by threats of still worse treatment—"

"But—you are his wife—"

"Now—but I would not be, then. A single voice is easily hished—a simple push into the water, and the rocks would do the rest. I overheard them talking it all over. If I stand in his way I must go to the wall. He said as much himself. And that is why I am here. It matters little what becomes of me—better dead than living, perhaps. But still there is enough of the woman left alive in me to fight against leaving him to be happy with another woman. I can save you, and I will, if you will trust me. I know this place well, I can lead you through the tunnel, and once outside we can easily find our way to your friends. But there is no time to lose. We must escape to-night, if at all. Now—one word. Will you go with me?"

"Yes—and may God bless you for your kindness!" sobbed Kate, terrified at the black revelation.

"We have only to weit then until the men."

lation.

"We have only to wait, then, until the men are asleep. I have secured enough food for our journey, and have weapons, if we are forced to use them. Now lie down—pretend to sleep. They may suspect something, and come to spy

They may suspect something, and come to spupper upon us."

Those were long and weary hours that passed before Martha Bascom deemed it prudent to venture forth upon their truly hazardous undertaking, but all seemed well when, hand-inhand they ventured forth from the hut. The darkness was intense save close around the dy-

hand they ventured forth from the hut. The darkness was intense save close around the dying camp-fires, but as if guided by instinct Martha Bascom led the way toward the river, the bank of which was gained without interruption. Apparently the outlaws considered themselves safe without the precaution of keeping guard. "We must cross the river here," whispered Martha Bascom. "There is no path along the tunnel upon this side. The water is not deep, just here, though very swift. We can pass through easily, if you are only cool and steadynerved. Keep close to me—hold fast to my dress, and there is no danger. Remember what fate you are leaving behind!"

Kate made no reply, but did as directed. The elder woman boldly entered the water and slowly pressed forward, though the current ran

slowly pressed forward, though the current ran so swiftly that it tested their strength severely to avoid being swept from their feet. Though so narrow, it was a long and toilsome task, this crossing, and Martha Bascom uttered a sigh of relief as she drew near to the other shore.

At that moment a sharp challenge rung forth com directly in front—and then a blinding

from directly in front—and then a binding flash filled their eyes.

A wild, piercing shriek rung in Kate's ears, and she felt the dress torn from her grasp. She reeled—her feet slipped upon a slimy rock—the swift current whirled her from her footing, and with a scream of terror, she felt herself swep nto deeper waters and hurled along with fright ful velocity through the inky blackness. A choking, gurgling cry—then came a crushing blow—and all was a blank!

(To be continued—commenced in No. 414.)

### A Woman's Hand In It.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

MYRLIE CONSTANCE looked up at the sound of her husband's footsteps in the hall, but dropped her eyes as he entered the parlor of whose luxury she was that night the sole sharer. whose fuxury she was that night one sole sharer.

He came in, handsome and smiling, as always, but with snow-flakes clinging to his great chinchilla, and one or more sparkling in their death on his black beard.

death on his black beard.

"Another snow, darling," he said, coming up to the lovely being on the sofa; but before he could continue or receive her reply, he caught sight of her face, and almost started to his feet.

"Myrlie!" he said, almost sternly, but his intonation was full of love; "twice within the last fortnight I have surprised you in tears. It pains me to say that I have marked a growing coldness on your part. One year married and—this! What does it mean?"

The felt that his dark eves were fastened upon

—this! What does it mean?"

The felt that his dark eyes were fastened upon her, and she knew that he was dying for an answer; but she turned her head provokingly away, and stubbornly sealed her lips.

"If you will not tell me—well," he said, assuming an independent air that cut to her heart like a knife. "I am sure that I will not trouble you if the secret is exclusively your own. I regret that I disturbed you. I shall go up-stairs and write my letters for to-morrow. Shall not get through till twelve."

Glancing through the long lashes that shaded her lustrous eyes, Myrlie saw her husband sten.

her lustrous eyes, Myrlie saw her husband step toward the door, and with a mighty effort stag-

by anxiety and fatigue. A few moments later she lay sleeping heavily.

When she awoke there was a tiny fire glowing in the center of the hut, and beside it crouched Martha Bascom, who raised her head with a wan snaile as Kate started from her slumbers.

"Not a word!" cautiously uttered the woman, with a swift glance toward the door.

"Listen, but do not speak. First, you must eat this bread and meat—I cooked it for you my-

There was no reply, and the wife watched the husband while he unfolded the letter and read it in the glare of the chandelier. Her little hands were clenched till the nails bruised the soft palms, and her lips seemed frozen together.

"Umph!" said Carl, looking up, and en-countering Myrlie's flashing eyes. "Evident-y intended for me, but never saw it before." "Strange, then, that it with several others of like nature, should lie on your dressing-stand, this morning," the wife said, in a tone of disbe-

Very strange!

"'Can such things be, and like a summer cloud Overcome us?"

"No place for Shakspeare!" cried Myrlie "You cannot laugh the letters off. If you think that I wrote them to test your affections let me disabuse you of that idea here. I make no such disreputable tests of a husband's love.

no such disreputable tests of a husband's love. What is your answer?"
All at once the lighter part of his nature fled. Seriousness and indignation took its place, and he advanced toward his wife.

"No!" she said, putting out her hand as she retreated to the sofa. "Do not touch me until we understand each other. There was a 'Stella' before I met you, and they used to say that you loved her; but you took me from a home far beneath hers in luxury, and made me your wife. Carl Constance, I would give this world, did I possess it, for that home with its little rooms dark and cheerless. All the luxury with which possess it, for that home with its little rooms dark and cheerless. All the luxury with which you have surrounded me cannot keep my heart within these gilded walls. I loved you, wondering what you could see in me, but I am a woman although beneath you in social station."

He heard her through, pale now, and like a statue among the art collections that beautified the parlor

the parlor.
"Myrlie, listen to me!" His words drove her to the sofa, and from its epths of rich upholstering she looked into his

face.

"There was a 'Stella' then; there is one now!" he continued, "and they used to say that I loved her. There the keen gossips failed, for Stella Clyde was never anything to me but a cold, proud, calculating girl of society. I met you and that was enough. This letter I never saw before. I don't want to see the others."

before. I don't want to see the others."

She did not answer.

"Have these silly letters rendered you jealous. Myrlie?" he said, in a gayer tone, and he
smiled again. "Are you going to play a highlife comedy for their worthless sakes? Fie,
girl! Come, play me that grand selection from
"Martha,' and we will make up over the ashes of

It would seem that his manner could not be resisted, and, as he uttered the last word, he stooped over his wife and touched her jeweled Myrlie started as if his touch were the tongue

of an adder.

"You cannot laugh it down!" she said.

"Where is your proof that you have not given cause for the penning of that letter?"

"Here:" he cried, laying his hand on his breast. "My heart has never lied in word or eed to you!"
But Myrlie did not seem to hear.

But Myrlie did not seem to hear.

"Have you a real longing for an old home?" he said, suddenly. "If so, then carry out that longing and seek it to-night. But it is cold, and the snow is falling fast. See!"

With the last word he approached the window, swept aside the heavy velvet curtains with his hand, and threw up the sash.

A cold gust of wind swept into the room, and whirled a myriad of snow-flakes about the young wife's white face.

"I cannot order out the horses such a night as this. I came up on the last car—not the last by

this. I came up on the last car—not the last by regulation time—but the last that will go up tonight on account of the storm. Therefore, you will have to go alone. If you should lose your way do not hesitate to address a policeman. Put on your heaviest robes, and I will send evewithing after you at your recovery.

rything after you at your request."

Myrlie was thunderstruck. She could not believe that she was the wife of the man who was talking in the terrible earnest that burdened his words. There was no look of pity in his eyes, no sound of mercy in his voice; he seemed

to be speaking her doom with the manner of a sent a team. Jeffreys.

Her face became whiter than ever and she

gasped:
"Do you mean it?"
"You have heard me. Judge for yourself,"
was the reply, and the sash was drawn down
and the curtains closed.
The next moment Myrlie left the sofa, tried

to speak, but instead shrieked wildly, and fell headlong into his strong arms. Carl Constance's face was ghastly as he held her in his embrace, and looked down into the

lifeless eyes and compressed lips.

His mind went back to the haleyon days of nis wooing, when the belles of fashionable so ciety swarmed about him, a dazzling bevy of beauty. But he had turned from each and all to love the fragile girl whose home was in a humble part of the great city, never disturbed by the rustle of satins, nor dazed by the flash of

ociety's jewels.

He believed that he had kept inviolate the sacred promises of the altar, that he had lived for Myrlie and for her alone. With almost boundless wealth at his command, he had trans planted her to a home of luxury far from her humble abode, and had compelled the belles of the city to pay her peerless worth and beauty the homage richly due them.

But now, after one brief year of wedded life, the serpent that kills the holiest love of earth, had coiled himself within the precincts of home, and the young wife lay senseless in his arms, hurled there by cold, cutting words from his

Carl Constance held Myrlie in his arms until he thought of all of this, and then as a cloud of anger dashed across his face, he laid her gently

They are trying to make us two!" he cried, standing over her with clenched hands, and maddened beyond control. "This is the work of the disappointed—the stab of the social assassin. A woman's hand is in it! I am sure of

He did not ring for a servant to restore Myrlie to consciousness, but knelt beside her and performed that office in person.

For several minutes his efforts were not re-warded, but at last the long lashes parted and the young wife opened her eyes as a shudder passed over her frame.
"Am I in the snow, Carl? Are the blinding

drifts driving me away? I feel them in my face—so cold! so cold!"

He put his lips to her pallid flesh, and with

great tears on his cheek, murmured:
"This is home, Myrlie. The work of all the jealous women in the world could not make me ve you to the snow-drifts!

Then lie led her from the room, and the curtain fell at last upon the painful scene.

Up the stair he helped her with his protecting strength and into the little room where she pillowed her stricken head, and passed into a sleep

gentle as a babe's. Then, calling a servant, Carl Constance bade or watch Myrlie, and say, if she waked, that would return in a short time. Down the steps he went, enveloped in the eavy ulster, and out into the night and the low. The winds beat against his face but he

did not heed the storm. Some terrible purpose

"There!" cried Myrlie, and she flung a letter at his feet. "I might have known that a rich young man who had many loves at the time of his marriage, would not relinquish all just because the law bound him to one woman."

"Possibly not," was the taunting rejoinder, as Carl Constance stooped and picked up the letter which his piqued wife had flung at his feet. "I am to read this, I suppose?"

"If you wish; but its contents are doubtless familiar to you already," said Myrlie.

There was no reply, and the wife watched the countenance. A startled servant answered his angry ring, and doffing his overshoes and ulster in the hall, he walked without ceremony into the parlor.

As he crossed the threshold, the notes of II Troutore died suddenly, and an exclamation of surprise greeted his appearance.

The occupant of the room, a beautiful woman with the scheming face of the Medici, left the piano, but paused when she caught his cast of countenance.

A sweeping glance told the young husband.

pland, but paused when she caught his cast of countenance.

A sweeping glance told the young husband that they were alone.

"Woman, your work shall fail!" he said, and his first words sent her back pale toward the instrument. "Have you been foolish enough to think that you could estrange me from the woman who vanquished you in the tilt for my heart, and get me at your feet! Your letters, smuggled into my house by one in your employ, and placed where Myrlie would see them, shall not accomplish the purpose for which you wrote them. I come to say that I never loved you for one single moment—that my whole life is taken up in the existence of the woman whom I married one year ago. On the contrary, Stella Clyde, I despise the person who stoops to the level you have reached, and still claims to be a woman! I shall put the brand of 'unprincipled schemer' upon your forehead, and make the honest part of the world chirist for

though you were contagion, notwithstanding your beauty." At the outset the woman's eyes flashed defi-ance; but with the terrible threat the mad light left them, and, when the young husband finish-ed, she cringed before him, an object of shame

woman! I shall put the brand of 'unprincipled schemer' upon your forehead, and make the honest part of the world shrink from you as

"Spare me!" she cried. "Though you are man, exhibit the one great attribute of a God!" "Yes."

"There lies your escritoire. Write me a confession for her."

The beauty hesitated. What! write a confession of defeated trickery for the eyes of one whom she would not deign to notice save as the wife of Carl Constance? The thought seemed the very gall of disgrace.

But the avenging husband broke her spirit.

"Write it and say therein that you now hate me—as I know you do."

Like a slave driven to repulsive labor, the beauty went to the task, and he watched her as she wrote the words that crushed her heart into the dust of infamy.

the dust of infamy. It was his triumph over the haughtiest belle of society, who had played for his own

heart.

He left her alone and faced the storm again, and with the proof of his cause in his hand met Myrlie in the morning.

We need not describe that meeting; but it was a reunion of hearts; tears—wifely tears—on the part of one, and renewed love by the other.

"I knew a woman's hand was in it, darling," Carl Constance said, "and the letter told me whose. I've crushed her haughty heart—crush-ed it forever!" The serpent's sting had failed to kill.

## Sports and Pastimes.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

THE LA CROSSE TOURNAMENT.

THE LA CROSSE TOURNAMENT.

For five days of the week ending March 9th, 1878, Gilmore's Garden, in New York, was the scene of an interesting series of exhibition and match games at La Crosse, the occasion being a contest between the Metropolitan and New York State Amateur La Crosse Clubs for a prize cup offered by Mr. Tileston, the editor of the Country—a paper devoted to rural sports.

To give eclat to the tourney, the celebrated Iroquois team of Indian La Crosse players from Montreal, and the Onondaga team of Indians from near Syracuse, N. Y., were engaged to play a series of exhibition games, in order to practically illustrate the most attractive features of the game. The tourney began on the night of Tuesday, March 5th, and ended with the presentation of the prize cup on the night of the 9th. The contesting clubs appointed to take part in the contests for the prize cup were the Ravenswood, New York University, and Manhattan Clubs, of New York city; the Elmira Club, of Elmira, N. Y., and the No Name, of Brooklyn. All but the last two put in an appearance, but the Manhattans, hailing from a Catholic Institution, did not play on account of Lent, and the No Name, having recently ioined atholic Institution, did not play on account of with the Ravenswood, of cours The players of the three clubs

were as follows: UNIVERSITY.
A. Atwood, Cap.,
H. R. Barremore,
R. H. T. Marrener,
R. B. Dunning,
W. K. Gillette,
E. L. Swaine,
C. T. Webster,
C. B. Zabri-kie,
J. E. Capewell. ELMIRA Calder, Cap., Cluff, 7. P. Ritchie, Gray, Cap. Ritchie, Rit

The first day's play brought together the Ravenswood and University nines, the contests they had to play together being the most goals won within the hour; this might yield one game

or half a dozen, as the case might be. As it was t yielded three, the Ravenswood winning two of them, and the match.

The captain of the Ravenswood team is an The captain of the Ravenswood team is an old and experienced La Crosse player, and has done much to assist in forming clubs in the metropolis. He is in charge of the La Crosse department at Peck and Snyder's sporting emporium, and he is sanguine of La Crosse eventually becoming a popular American sport. Mr. Cluff, too, is an old expert, formerly connected with the Knickerbocker La Crosse Club, of Brooklyn. Indeed, seven of the ten of the Ravenswood team hailed from Brooklyn. Among the artists sketching the scene was Mr. La Fen, of the Graphic, a noted prize winner in hundred-yard running matches, and this gentleman or the Graphic, a hoted prize winner in hundred-yard running matches, and this gentleman is now engaged in organizing a pedestrians' La Crosse club, which will include some of the fastest runners of the metropolis. Indeed, La Crosse is a pedestrians' game, and it presents an excellent training school for short distance runners.

It was 9 P. M. before the amateurs took their places for the opening series of prize games. When they did they soon got to work and made some lively sport. It was plainly to be seen, however, that they were far below the mark of the Indian experts, especially in that attractive feature of the game, "carrying." There were several characteristics of their play which cannot be regarded as true La Crosse playing. Striking at the ball while it is on the ground is one of them, "sweeping" at it on the bound is another. Using one's hands in pushing against players and in fact playing the carrie as one players, and in fact playing the game as one does football, detracts materially from the

Played in its integrity, it is a game not only of agility and endurance in running, but of strategy and finesse in securing and retaining possession of the ball on the bat. In this latter espect the Iroquois Indians showed the ama urs an example which they should follow After a contest of twelve minutes' duration, a fortunate throw in by Mr. Barremore gave the first game of the tourney to the New York University team. Before the second contest took place, an eighty-yards spurt on snow-shoes by three of the Iroquois Indianstook place, "Thawrenate" winning. The second game of the series was then played, and after a good struggle lasting twelve minutes, Mr. W. Ritchie made the winning throw in for the Ravenswood team, and left the match at even games. The third and left the match at even games. The third game proved to be very interesting at times, but the Ravenswood had the best of it from the For ten deserted squares, though the hour was not late, he breasted the elements, nor paused pretty play, made the winning throw and placed his club in the van for the winning of the

placed his club in the van for the winning of the prize cup. The Indians closed the evening's proceedings with some more exhibition games, and the audience retired highly pleased with the first night's sport of the tourney.

The second day's play introduced the Elmira club team as the opponents of the Ravenswood team, the Elmiras being attired in a red, white and blue uniform of the common country baseball club pattern. These players ranged from six feet two down to five feet four. They are mostly young fellows, formerly ball-players. They have yet much to learn about true La Crosse playing, one thing especially, and that is how to play the game without losing their temper and becoming profane in their language. At one time in the second contest they had with the gentlemen of the Ravenswood club, their goal-keeper, Hummell, told Mr. Cluff that he would "knock his — head off." It should be understood by country clubs that this is not the style La Crosse is played either by our metropolitan clubs or the Canada clubs, and the sooner they improve themselves in this respect the better for their reputation. There must of necessity be an allowance made for the excitement incident to a close struggle, and resulting from the inevitable collisions on the field; but gentlemen always manage to control their tempers and especially their tongues under such circumstances.

The first match between the Elmiras and the Ravenswoods began at 8:35. At the start the Long-Islanders forced the play around the El-

The first match between the Elmiras and the Ravenswoods began at 8:35. At the start the Long-Islanders forced the play around the Elmira goal, and though now and then the countrymen would rally and send the ball flying up to the other end, it was soon sent back again, and defensive operations forced on the Elmiras. Finally, after a fifteen minutes' fight, the ball was sent through the Elmira goal by Mr. W. Ritchie, and Ravenswood scored the first game of the series. A rest followed, during which a hurdle-race on snow-shoes by the Indians varied the evening's sport. At 9:05 the amateurs once more faced each other, and now began one of the most noteworthy of amateur contests at La Crosse ever recorded on this side of the St. Lawrence. In the Indian games, strategy in "carrying" the ball and in "tacking" and "ducking" were the main features; in this amateur match, however, "striking" was the order of the hour. In fact the contest in this respect was an exceptional one, and in direct violation of the true spirit of the laws of the game. If wrestling, pushing and throwing one another, and trying to disable each other is to be the de-

was an exceptional one, and in direct violation of the true spirit of the laws of the game. If wrestling, pushing and throwing one another, and trying to disable each other is to be the desideratum, we recommend the Elmira club to drop La Crosse and take up football, where they would evidently be at home. In simple defense the Ravenswood gentlemen were at times forced to adopt the same style of play, and the result was that cracked heads, bloody noses and damaged hands, wrists and elbows, not to mention bruised shins, were features of this rough-and-tumble match at La Crosse.

The struggle was prolonged for half an hour, during which time twice did the Ravenswood team send the ball so nearly through the Elmira goal as to raise a question for the umpires to settle. Finally, after forty minutes' play—or rather rough work—had been enjoyed (!), a clever piece of play by Mr. Slater, after some pretty fielding by Messrs. Ritchie, Slater and Cluff, sent the ball right through the Elmira goal, and the boys of the Red, White and Blue had to throw up the sponge. Had not the Ravenswood ten won the goal as they did, five minutes' more play would have given them the match by "time," as the hour was nearly up within which the side winning the most goals would have won the match.

This practically ended the tourney, as far as have won the match.

have won the match.

This practically ended the tourney, as far as the winning of the cup was concerned, the Ravenswood club being the victors. The next night, however, the amateurs essayed the task of playing against the Indian teams, first trying their skill with the Onondagas.

The match was best three in five, and though the amateurs entered upon their task hopefully, they were not at all sanguine of success, certainly not beyond the result of winning one

tainly not beyond the result of winning one game out of the series.

The following are the names and positions of

The following are the names and positions of the picked amateur team:

W. Ritchie, goal, of Ravenswood Club.
Duming, point, of University Club.
Atwood, cover point, of University Club.
Gutterson, home, of Ravenswood Club.
Wheeler, center, of Ravenswood Club.
Cluff, field, of Ravenswood Club.
Gillette, field, of University Club.
Captains—Messrs. Calder and Ritchie.
Umpires—Messrs. H. O'Niel and F. C. O'Reilly.
Referee—Dr. Johnson, of Montreal

Referee—Dr. Johnson, of Montreal.
Time of Four Games—Thirteen minutes.
Though the Indians played the amateurs on
the defensive in the first game, some skillful

blay on the part of Messrs. Atwood, Gillette, Ritchie and Cluff led to a favorable position for a telling attack on the Indian goal which the alert and active Cluff cleverly took a variation of the send the ball through the Onondaga goal, thereby winning first game. Thus encouraged, the amateurs went to work in earnest, and placing the Indians on the defensive, came near winning the second game by a count do near winning the second game by a coup de main. Unluckily, however, in the excitement of the scrimmage at the enemy's goal they left their own exposed, and one of the Indians took advantage of it and won the game. The amateurs offset this, however, with two quickly-won games, in which Mr. Cluff bore off the honors. Excited by their success, the next day they challenged the Canadian Iroquois team, but the amateurs only won one game out of the five played. This really ended the tourney, though the Indians played exhibition games on

Saturday night.

There is to be a tourney at Prospect Park during Easter week.

## Ripples.

GREENLAND has no cats. Imagine cats in a ountry where the nights are six months long. Good resolutions are like horses. The first ost is an item of less importance than the keep-

'OH, breathe not the name!" There is parish in Wales, near the famous tubular bridge, named Slanfairpwllgwngwllgogerbwlldysiliogo-

A CLERGYMAN asked some children, "Why do we say in the Lord's Prayer, 'who art in heaven,' since God is everywhere?" A little drummer-boy answered, "Because it's head-quar-

"In choosing a wife," says the *Phrenological Journal*, "be governed by her chin." Have no personal experience; but we have always understood that that is the way they are always

A sweet, blue-eyed Nevada bride, clad in ossamer tulle, remarked, as the clergyman bined her hand with that of her lover: "I'll be ol darned if I don't believe that plaster's strikng through the back of my dress.

The publisher of a weekly paper in Illinois prints in each issue a chapter of the Bible, and upon being ridiculed for it by his contemporaries, remarks, editorally: "We publish nothing but what is new to our readers."

A CLERGYMAN was preparing his sermon for sunday, stopping occasionally to review what he had written and to erase that which he was e had written and to erase that which he was isposed to disapprove, when he was accosted y his little son: "Father, does God tell you hat to preach?" "Certainly, my child." Then what makes you scratch it out?"

Not long since two young couples were strolling along Main street, in Woonsocket, when the subject of marriage was broached, a "stump" was given, accepted, and they were married. All are minors, the ages ranging from 16 to 19. Fortunately the silly children have become reconciled with their parents, alternately there were there are the silly children have become reconciled with their parents, alternately there were the silly children. though there was a temporary embarrassing

#### RAIN-METER.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

I hear the rain on my roof, A soft and musical murmur,

Its music my childhood recalls, So sweet and tender and mellow: (Oh, misery, what can I do? For some one has got my umbrella!)

The mist of the rain shrouds the street
Till the eye cannot see beyond it.
(It never rains but it pours,
And only rains when you don't want it.)

The beautiful rain, so pure,
Descends in drops that are crystal;
(And, on, Seraphina, that drive!
I could cut my life off with a pistol.)

The sky is o'ereast by the c ouds— Clouds wafted from far-off Pacific; (There are holes in my boots, I perceive, And the state of my ease is terrific.)

Fast without ceasing they fall, Bright drops, in a murmurous volley; (And to think of the party to-night Would be a most foolbardy folly!)

Drop after drop patters down, By drop after drop succeeded; What a blessing the rain is, indeed— (To people who anxiously need it.)

What a welcome the bright rain is To the buds which are lying dormant! (But to one who has no gum-coat It is certainly quite a torment.) 'Tis the scattered tribute of seas O'er the land that waits to receive it. (I can't wear my new suit to-day; And it makes me sick to believe it.)

The fall of the rain's without art, (And the sun is out very clear— That is, clear out of the vision.)

The beautiful rain falls for all,
For one as well as another,
(But they can leave out my share.
If it isn't too much of a bother.)

# The Diamond-Hunters;

ADRIFT IN BRAZIL

BY C. D. CLARK, AUTHOR OF "FLYAWAY AFLØAT," "YANKEE BOYS IN CEYLON," ETC., ETC.

THE GAUNTLET OF THE CAPE.

THE brig True American, under a press of sail, was rolling through the long swell of the South Atlantic, but a few leagues from the Brazilian coast. She was a stanch craft, built, however, far more for stowage than speed, for she was broad in the beam, with flaring upper works, and looked the model of a trading coaster. At present she was making little way, for the wind was almost dead ahead, and the True American was not adapted for "beat

True Amer.c.11 was not adapted for "beating."

Captain Transom, of the True American, planked the quarter-deck, casting scowling glances to windward. Like all sailors, he was angry because the wind was not fair, and now and then his foot came down on the deck with a bump. He walked hastily to the rail and looked at the long swell, which rose and fell with that uneasy motion an old sailor hates above all things upon earth or sea.

"The Flying Dutchman was a fool to me."

"The Flying Dutchman was a fool to me," growled the captain. "The brig will lie off the cape as long as the children of Israel journeyed Can't you get a little more out of her, Finney?' through the wilderness-forty days and nights

The mate shook his head as he walked aft, and stood by the captain's side. He was a tall, lank son of Maine—one of the true typical Yankees, with an immense fund of humor in the turn of his head and the flash of his merry blue

eyes.
"Captain," he said, "I reckon you are jest a-bilin' over with the desire fer wind?"
"I don't want to spend the whole season off

Cape Blanco."

"Waal, I'm thinkin' you won't hev long to wait, Cap, and when it does come you just hear me when I say it's going to be a roarer. I never looked at sech a sky as that, off the South 'Merican coast, but I heerd a snorter, pooty

"All the wind we'll get will be dead ahead," declared Captain Ralph, in the same sulky

tone.
"All right, Cap. Maybe you are right, but

I've got my opinion, and I don't give it up. You'll get a wind from the east in about two hours that maybe you won't like."
"Oh, clear out, Jake!" replied the captain.
"Wind! There ain't enough wind yonder to shake the reefs out of a lady's pocket-handker-

The mate walked forward again, with a grin upon his face, for he knew that the captain believed in his seamanship and would take a look at the sky. Five minutes later came a hail from the quarter-deck:

"Let her go, Mr. Finney; I want to get off this lee shore."

this lee shore."

The sails were trimmed, and the True American, shooting past the island, went about on her heel and made a long stretch to the east. It was evidently the intention of the captain to put as much space as possible between him and the Brazilian shore, and the broad bows of the brig parted the waves rapidly, while the captain strode forward, looking out ahead. Every stitch of canvas which could be made to draw was packed on the brig, and she was making good way for a craft of her build. Both the captain and Jake Finney were now casting frequent and ominous glances forward, but not a sign had the commander made, so far, to guard against danger.

"I hope you won't carry on too long," suggested the mate, in a low tone, unheard by any

"I've got to do it, Jake," was the reply.
"You see, we've hung on too long, and if the wind comes, as I know it will, it will be hard work for us to keep off the shore. Keep her going until the last minute, and when I sing out, let every man strain a blood-vessel as he

jumps."
Two or three old sailors in the crew, who knew Two or three old sallors in the crew, who knew the signs of sea and sky, began to shake their heads in an ominous manner. Their eyes had seen the trouble brewing ahead, and now and then they glanced at the swelling canvas and noted that the sea had changed in appearance during the last half-hour.

But Captain Transom made no sign He

Captain Transom made no sign. He stood now on the quarter-rail, one strong brown hand laid upon a shroud to steady himself, and his piercing eyes studying sea and sky. The wind was chopping and changing, and every moment forcing the brig more and more out of

her course.

Ralph Transom was a handsome young fellow as need be, with a resolute face, dark eyes and hair, and a manly form, the impersonation of manly strength. He was young, not more than twenty-five at most, certainly a good sailor and a brave man, or he would not have been able to reach his present position at his case. able to reach his present position, at his age. His crew loved him, one and all, and would have

ared anything for his sake.
But the sky grew more and more ominous in its appearance; a dull, angry glare, and a low murmuring sound came from the eastward. Ralph Transom knew that the time for action

'Lay aloft there!" he cried. "Strip her, The ten men who composed the crew of the True American sprung to their places. It was time, for the roar and rush of the elements grew louder, and sea and sky all at once turned black as ink. In an incredibly short space of time the brig, under only her head sails, and even these

close reefed with the exception of the staysail, was staggering along over the short chopping

"Two men to the wheel!" shouted the cap-Briggs and Stanton will do; be ready

The two able seamen whose names were called sprung at once to the wheel and took it in their strong hands. They knew well that in their strong hands. They knew well that nothing save great danger would cause the captain to send two men there, and those the two best hands in the fok'sel. Scarcely had they taken their places when the gale for which they had been preparing burst upon them with a wild shriek, and the True American bowed before it as the forest hands to the rush of the fore it as the forest bends to the rush of the fore it as the forest bends to the rush of the hurricane. Sea and sky seemed to meet, and in the midst of the sudden darkness the brig was lifted high into the air and cast almost on her beam-ends. But the men at the wheel let her go over, and the good craft rose slowly from the brine, the water dripping from her yards and shrouds where they had been dipped in the seething wayes.

and shrotus waves.

"Hold her there, men!" ordered Ralph.

"She's true to her name; the brave brig will

stand it."

"I only hope the foremast will stand the racket," said the mate, in the ear of the captain. "I've my doubts whether we didn't spring it off Hatteras, coming down, an' this wind would try anything on the sea."

The foretopmast was springing to the force of the mighty gale, and the weight of the jib and staysail, bellied out by the force of the wind, was indeed enough to try the strength of the stoutest spar which ever left the shipyard. Every rope and stay told as the gale increased stoutest spar which ever left the snipyard. Every rope and stay told as the gale increased in violence, and they knew that if the mast went now, nothing would keep them off the shore. For, on the course they were running with the wind a little north of east, they could hope to weather the cape, but should the mast go nothing could save them.

hope to weather the cape, but should the mast go, nothing could save them.

Looking at the face of Ralph Transom, no one would have imagined for an instant that this was more than usual peril. His face was set and immovable, and if his eye now and then would fall upon the bending mast, it was in the most casual way, and his gaze quickly turned in another direction. Yet he knew well that upon the strength of that spar the safety of the brig, and perhaps the life of every man on board, depended. The men had done all they could, and, each at his station, they waited for one of the chances which would have called them into action. The mate, having warned the captain of the danger to the foremast, also stood at his post, cool and composed as a May morning, as he always was in times of danger of excitement in others.

Now, through the haze, loomed the cape, and the heart of every man on board the True

the heart of every man on board the True American leaped for joy, for they knew that, when they had left that cape astern, they were safe, for the brig was stanch, and, give her clear water, she would outride the strongest gale that ever blew. And, knowing the coast well, Ralph could see that, if she held her present course, they would clear it easily. Hardly had the thought passed through his mind when there came a crash aloft, and the foretomest. sent course, they would clear it easily. Hardly had the thought passed through his mind when there came a crash aloft, and the foretopmast, broken short off at the cap, came crashing down, and beat against the sides of the ship with cruel force. A groan of dismay broke from every throat.

"Volunteers to cut away the topmast!" cried the captain. "Who speaks first?"

Jake was the first to spring for the weathershrouds, the post of danger in a storm, and while the brig, borne out of her course by the drag of the broken foremast, almost broached to, the brave man, with a hatchet slung about his neck, went up like a cat, followed more slowly by two of the men.

The brig groaned like a creature in agony, and, almost unmanageable, was rapidly drifting in toward the shore. Once clear of the broken topmast they might weather it yet, but would they be in time?

Suddenly Jake uttered a cry of surprise as he swung himself into the top. He was almost sure that he was the first one to leave the deck, and yet, there was some one before him, hacking away at the broken foretopmast, and even as the officer gained the top there came a re-

ng away at the broken foretopmast, and even s the officer gained the top there came a re-ounding cheer, as the mast fell, dragging with

sounding cheer, as the mast fell, dragging with it a mass of sails and rigging.

The knives of the sailors flew out like wasps' stings, and cut away everything that held, and the brig, under the force of the double-reefed mainsail, came slowly up to the wind, and went staggering on her course, while the topmast drifted aft to leeward.

Not a word was speken as the way in the sound of the sail of the

Not a word was spoken as they neared the cape, for all felt that it would be touch and go. All the men held their breaths, and even the men perched upon the foremast made no at tempt to descend, while the man who had cut away the spar, whoever it was, remained in the top, clinging to the stump of the broken mast.

The spray flew high above them, the breakers roared under their lee, and for a moment they thought that all was lost as the brig lurched toward the surf line. There was a rasping hor-

he cape was behind them as the vessel went

rushing on before the gale.

The men came down one by one, eyed by the captain, and as the last touched the deck Ralph ight him by the collar, exclaiming:

"Now, then, who are you?"

All turned in astonishment to look at the stranger who was locked in the iron grasp of

(To be continued.)

## Squatter Sovereignty.

BY LUCILLE HOLLIS.

THERE was great trouble within one of those nondescript little houses which are perched upon the rocks and side-hills of unimproved, upper New York, and which generally call forth from the passer-by, on boat or railroad train, the contemptuous epithet—"squatter sovereignty."

The death of Dennis Neil had been as grievous a blow to the wife and children he had left in that bit of a home—constructed of stray boards, and old tin, and unmated panes of glass—as that of the wealthy Joel Wentworth, broker, who owned the property upon which the Neils had settled, and who had died at just this season the year before, had been to his family, in the grand mansion on Gramercy Square.

the grand mansion on Gramercy Square.

By honest and regular labor, and indulgence in few excesses, the Neils had lived happily and comfortably, in their small home upon the Wentworth property, far up-town in New York, since their arrival from the "old country." But when Barney, their eldest child was try." But when Barney, their eldest child, was twelve years old, and Nora nearly eleven, and Mary eight, Baby Ted made his advent into the world; and, three days afterward, his father took his departure from it. Dennis was brought home, that November afternoon, bruised and insensible, having fallen from a high scaffolding. He lived through the night and died at

It was a severe blow to Mrs. Neil, and while she was slowly recovering from her illness, and little Ted was languishing, there came still greater trouble.

One night, while Mary lay curled asleep upon

One night, while Mary lay curled asleep upon a strip of carpeting before the old cookingstove, Nora and Barney spelled together from a picture primer, a hoarded possession of theirs—for the bright Nora had picked up, in fragmentary manner, quite a knowledge of reading, and delighted in helping Barney to learn all she was able to teach him—and Mrs. Neil sat in a dilapidated rocker, the babe upon her lap, wearyingly trying to plan for the future, there sounded a sharp rap upon the cabin door and

sounded a sharp rap upon the cabin door, and a black-eyed stranger stepped into the room. "Your name is Neil, the neighbors tell me," he said, looking straight at Ann, who sat white and nervous in her invalid chair; "and I sup-pose you know, Mrs. Neil, that this house of yours is upon the property of Mr. Hugh Went-

worth. I am his agent; and I have come here, to-night, to give all of you people warning that you must move off of his land before this night

"Oh, no! shurely he'll no be so cruel!" cried Mrs. Neil, while the children looked at each other, frightenedly, but scarcely comprehending the full extent of the devastation this announce-

ment conveyed.
"There is no cruelty about it, ma'am," re turned the agent, composedly. "This settlement has been here many years, and after having had the use of this land for your gardens and houses all this time, rent free, you ought to be thankful for past favors and get up and get with a good grapa. with a good grace.
"An' where would we be afther goin'?" asked
"An' the husban'

"An' where would we be afther goin?" asked Mrs, Neil, in great distress. "An' the husban' jist dead, an' me sick wid the baby here, an' no one to move the old house, an' nowhere for the pigs an' the hens to go, an' the winther a-comin' on! Ah! shure it's the wicked man he'd be, if he'd not let a poor widdy an' orphuns stay here 'till the spring."

he'd not let a poor widdy an' orpnuns stay here 'till the spring."

"His workmen are coming here, next week, to blast rocks, and you must take yourselves and your traps out of the way within the week, or Mr. Wentworth's further orders will be carried out, and your miserable hovels torn down over your heads!" with which decided announcement of his employer's pleasure, the agent nouncement of his employer's pleasure, the agent abruptly took his leave.

abruptly took his leave.
"Don't cry, mither, darlint," said Barney, essaying the role of comforter. "Pr'aps, afther all, it's not so bad as the man sez, and we'll be

let stay here till spring."

"No, indade, me b'y; when yer fafher died I knew worse would come to us; an' now we're ruined an' me heart is broke intirely, to go away from poor Dennis's home, an' it will shurely be the killin' of me!" she added, prophetically phetically.

phetically.

"Oh! no, mother," Nora sobbed, clinging to her mother's neck; "Mr. Wentworth would never be so cruel as to make us go away from here. I know where he lives—it's a fine place that father showed me hisself, one holiday. I'm sure I can find it myself, and I'll be after telling him how father died, and how you and little Ted are sick, and I'm sure he'll let us stay."

"You'll do no good mayourneen!" sobbed

Ted are sick, and I'm sure he'll let us stay."

"You'll do no good, mavourneen!" sobbed
Mrs. Neil; but Nora held to her resolution of
calling upon Mr. Hugh Wentworth, in that
mansion she had once gazed upon in the extreme of childish admiration and awe. And
the next morning, while the wealthy young
widower, Mr. Hugh Wentworth, and his only
child, a haughty lad of twelve, sat at their late
and luxurious breakfast, the waiter announced
that a poor girl was without who begged earn-

that a poor girl was without who begged earnestly to see Mr. Wentworth.
"One of those squatter children, come to ask some favor, perhaps," guessed the gentleman, shrewdly. "I may as well see her, and put an out to any represes."

shrewdly. "I may as well see her, and put an end to any nonsense."

The child was ushered in—a round-limbed, little figure in a faded calico dress, so short that it displayed her bare legs and coarse-patched shoes. From under her hat fell a tangle of wayy, blue-black hair, that, enshrouding her way, blue-black hair, that, enshrouding her turne of shyness and bravery that gave a fervid light to her luminous blue eyes, but swathed her milky fair cheeks and brow with vivid, frightened blushes.

ened blushes.

"Well?" questioned the gentleman, tersely.

"Oh, sir," faltered Nora, "it's scarcely after being two weeks since father fell from a scaffold and died in the morning, and mother's sick, and the baby's sick, and there's no one to move the house, and pigs, and hens, and it's coming on cold weather; and I made sure that if I axed

on cold weather; and I made sure that if I axed you would let us stay where we are; leastways, until it comes warm again."

"I imagined that was your errand," said the gentleman, coolly, "but it is a useless one; my agent's commands must be obeyed, to the letter, and all the rubbish around there taken out of the way. You may go home and tell the people that no long faces, nor whimpering yarns, will be of any avail in changing my plans. And the next person who comes here with a story like yours will not be admitted."

Nora's eyes fairly blazed with anger. "It's not lies but solemn truth, I've been afther telling ye's!" she cried, relapsing, in her indignation, to unwonted brogue; "and it's a mane bad man ye are if ye turn us from our home wid nowhere to go; and ye'll be cursed for it, ye will."

"Shut up! you impudent little Irish yaces."

"Shut up! you impudent little Irish vaga-bond!" cried the boy, haughtily, who had been an attentive listener.
"I'm no more of a vagabond than you are!"

orted Nora, in impotent wrath. Hush, Rich," said the father, but laughing-"Hush, Rich," said the father, but laughingly; "leave the girl to me. Come, you little baggage," he added, addressing Nora, "get out of
here, and go home and pack your duds, preparatory to finding a new dwelling-place," and he
resumed his paper, while the servant unceremoniously showed Nora the door.

When upon the sidewalk, Nora stood and
looked up at the mansion, her pretty figure
drawn to its utmost hight, her fair cheeks blazing with angry color and her great tearless

ing with angry color, and her great, tearless blue eyes burning with hate. Clenching her small brown hands she shook them with childish flerceness, muttering again and again:
"Curse you! curse you!" before she started
on her long, sad, homeward walk.

Mr. Richard Wentworth, a handsome young man, but with a strange, desperate look in his gray eyes, and reckless set lines about the gray eyes, and reckless set lines about the haughty lips, before going to his box in a fashionable theater, sought the dressing-room of the beautiful star-actress who was winning for herself, nightly, the plaudits of New York audiences and the adoring worship of a score of wealthy and aristocratic admirers. But he was denied an interview with the lady; and so, resigning some flowers and a package to her maid, went to his box, to wait for any slight smile of recognition that might be vouchsafed him, and the glitter of his jewels about the beauty's neck. But he was disappointed that night; Lenore Varney appeared without his pearls, a great blazing line of diamonds clasped about her milky throat and encircling her white

arms.
"You are cruel," said Wentworth, later, when admitted to the actress's reception-room, "so to slight my poor gift," and he looked from the fair pearls, that lay upon the table, to the splendid globules of light glittering about Le-

I regretted to slight them; they are beauti-'explained Miss Varney; "but I had promised to wear these."
"I wish I had the right to ask to whom that promise was given," said Wentworth, in a

low, meaning tone "But you haven't," laughed Lenore, turning from a contemplation of her face in the mirror,

to give him a sidelong glance.

"But when may I have? When will you give it me?" he questioned, vehemently, springing from the chair where he had thrown himself, and coming so close to her, before the great cheval glass, that her rather small, voluptuous igure and his stately one were reflected side by

eyes, asking, with laughing scorn, "Why are you so absurd to-night?" "Absurd! Lenore, I assure you, I am in ear-

Absurd! Lendre, I assure you, I am in ear-nest! Every time I come into your presence I grow possessed of a wilder infatuation for you. I can no more help loving you than I can help breathing; and it fills me with the passion of a fiend to know that other men may send you pre-sents, and talk to you as I am doing now! I am mad to be accepted and known as your

am mad to be accepted and known as your lover! Nay, to be more absolutely near to you yet; to be your husband!"

It seemed as if such a soulfelt declaration of love as transformed this blonde, blase, New York society man into the trembling pleader at her side, with his paling and flushing face, and wild, eager eyes, must at least have moved to pity the heart of this woman, or girl, as she looked in her fresh, fair, dazzling loveliness. But she only laughed, again, her musical, scorn-

ful little laugh, and asked, derisively, as she unclasped a diamond butterfly from her hair and in its place nestled a few passionately-odorous

cape-jasmines. "What would Miss Van Rensselaer say to all this?

"What would miss van Rensselaer say to all this?"

"Of course you know of my engagement to her, but I will break it, at any cost, Lenore, if you will promise to become my wife!"

"Very well," said the girl, carelessly; "when you come to me free, I will listen to you. Or, there is one other condition I must impose upon the man who becomes my husband. There is a certain house I have set my heart upon possessing. It is No. —, — street. I will marry the man who can give me the deed of that, as well as his heart and hand. Perhaps you will not care to comply with this condition for the sake of winning Lenore," she said, dropping her light tone, and bending her brilliant face close to his, with such an alluring gaze that the young man felt that no condition was a severe one which would win him this exquisite beauty for his bride. bride.

bride.

"I must dismiss you now," continued the actress, motioning him to give her his arm to her carriage; "I am going to a dinner."

As he put her within the little coupe, he whispered, earnestly: "I beg you will not let any other man talk to you of love. I assure you that in a few days I will come to you free, and prepared to fulfill your conditions."

The actress laughed, and shrugged her shoulders, and was driven away.

ders, and was driven away.

In a few days all New York had heard of the defection of 'the lover of haughty Miss Van Rensselaer, for the sake of the popular actress. The lady was too proud to hold him to his allegiance, when she knew he desired to be free, and the recream tentor was not long in sacking and the recreant suitor was not long in seeking

and the recreant suitor was not long in seeking his newer love.

"Lenore, my queen, I come to you—free! Now you will promise to be my wife?"

"Do you bring me the gift of the house I desire?" questioned Lenore, laughing.

"That was impossible; but any other house you select, and I can buy, darling, shall be yours! The house you wish was once the property of my father, but cannot now be obtained account for a fabrillous suppression. ed except for a fabulous sum, which I do not

Then," carelessly and laughingly, "vou can "Then, carefessly and laughingly, you cannot expect me to marry you."
"Lenore! Lenore! surely you are jesting!
You will not refuse to become my wife for such a whim, when, for your sake, I have broken my engagement with the daughter of one of the oldest and wealthiest families in New York?"

"If you regret having broken your engagement to Miss Van Rensselaer, you are at liberty to renew it at any time," Miss Varney retorted, haughtily. "Certainly, you must excuse me from filling her place," and the beauty swept from the room, leaving a face behind her that was chestly in its dissurprintment and rate.

from filling her place," and the beauty swept from the room, leaving a face behind her that was ghastly in its disappointment and rage.

Two months later, at the expense of a youth's blasted life, and his father's ruined fortune, Lenore Varney's ambition was gratified.

"Do you know, Lenore, at what cost this house has been made your home?" asked a haughty-faced, gray-haired man, who was the fair queen's companion.

"Stay!" commanded Lenore, imperiously, "you are about to accuse me of treachery to your son, and imperviousness to your own passion! Your son is disgraced, and your fortune has suffered because of my demands and the hard times. I am glad this is so! For eighteen years I have been meaning in some way—fate has favored me in the manner—to bring sorrow upon you and yours! Yes, for eighteen years to injure you has been the cherished object of my heart! I don't look twenty-nine, do l, for I am so fair; but I am, and I have not forgotten how, at eleven years old, I stood in your family mansion in Gramercy Square, which so soon is to pass under the hammer into the hands of strangers, and begged of you a little mercy for a sick mother and babe, and a helpless, orphan family, and you refused that mercy with taunts, and laughed at your son a little mercy for a sick mother and babe, and a helpless, orphan family, and you refused that mercy with taunts, and laughed at your son—so lately at my feet—so lately, for love of me, a forger of his father's check—called me a 'little impudent Irish vagabond!' Perhaps you have forgotten that morning, Judge Wentworth! Perhaps you have forgotten the squatter settlement on — street, whose homes you broke up at the commencement of the bitter winter weather of 18—, and the family of Dennis Neil who, without any protector, were obliged to sacrifice without any protector, were obliged to sacrifice their possessions, and see the cabin which had sheltered them for years torn to the ground while they were left homeless! The mother and child died in a neighbor's shanty! The son was killed in the war! Little Mary was put in an asylum and died, and I, Nora Neil, the last of that family through these forms. asyllm and died, and I, Nora Neil, the last of that family, through strange freaks of fortune, am spared to work out the curse, which, in my impotent, helpless childhood I pronounced upon you and your boy! Now you know who I am and why the years have made me cold and bit-tor hanted."

The judge's head drooped. Like his son, he had possessed a mad infatuation for this fair sovereign of the stage, and cruel sovereign of

you know, and most unwisely. A man of my years can never outlive, nor long survive, such a passion as mine has been! I shall not try to a passion as mine has been! I shall not try to forget you, but neither can I endure seeing you. Keep this house, the gift of which was to have been the wedding-present to you from me, and to give you which I have made such reckless ventures that the old Wentworth property is now passing from my hands. Keep it, Lenore, and enjoy the gift, and your vengeance, if you can! But as I have suffered bitterly for what you deemed my injustice, you, too, will reap, some day, a wretched harvest for the misery you have wrought."

you have wrought."

The old man passed from the house that was doubly a memorial of folly. And the beautiful, sovereign Lenore, standing where eighteen years before stood Dennis Neil's cabin, in the years before stood Dennis Neil's cabin, in the face of the vengeance that circumstances had put into her power to accomplish, and even remembering the dead family whose fates she had worked bitterly to atone, knew that in accomplishing her life's purpose she had accomplished also its ceaseless misery; for the man who had just left her presence, and who, she knew, for all his fallen fortunes and his stricken pride would never stoop to marry the squatter girl would never stoop to marry the squatter girl who had wrought his ruin, was the one man for whom her empty, aching heart would mourn

### Marco's Jaguar.

### A STORY OF THE BOLIVIAN ANDES.

BY COL. DELLE SARA.

RIGHT in the heart of the mountains lies the Bolivian village of Sorata, a lonely hamlet, reached only after great toil over the rude mountain woods. Some little mining is done in mountain woods. Some little mining is done in the vicinity, but the most of the inhabitants of the district depend upon the products of the chase for a livelihood.

A race of bold and daring men are these self-

same hunters, and in the war of independence, when Simon Bolivar boldly threw down the when Simon Bolivar boldly threw down the gauntlet to arrogant Spain, and, after a bloody struggle, succeeded in wresting the colony from the tyrannical rule of the European power, these hardy mountaineers contributed not a little to the final success of the revolutionists.

Almost invariably men of slender fortunes, it was not a wonder that the wealthier mine.

was not a wonder that the wealthier mine-owners rather affected to look down upon the simple, honest-hearted children of the moun-

In the Sorata district, at the time of which

the Andes from where the Gulf of Guayaquil looks out upon the ocean down to where Galera's point frowns on the peaceful Pacific.

Marguerite she was called, the acknowledged belle of the district.

Of course she had suitors by the hundred, a few spurred on by her marvelous beauty, but the greater number eager after the gold of the

But Lasca was no fool; it was his boast that he had more than held his own in the world since he commenced to strive with for-

"A good girl, my daughter," he was wont to say, "but as yet a mere child, and not fit to think of wedding any man; but when the time does come, it is I who will choose the husband, not she; therefore those gallants who come to woo my daughter, if they are wise, will pay their court to me."

And who—in the name of all that is wonder-

And who—in the name of all that is wonderful!—do you suppose the old miser picked out as a husband for his daughter?

Not a man in the district could have guessed, had the question been propounded to them the day before the one on which the old man an-

nounced his choice.

The miser had passed over all the young fellows, both rich and poor, and selected a gouty old villain who owned the adjoining mine to the Little Beni, known as Little Beni No. 2; by name Lopez La Dega, commonly called the old hunchback, because one shoulder was a trifle higher than the other.

Some few of Lasca's intimate acquaintances ventured to ask why such a choice had been nounced his choice.

ventured to ask why such a choice had been made, and the reason the old miser gave was

"The veins of the Little Beni and the Little Beni No. 2 are coming closer and closer together every day; soon they will run into one, the parent vein of both, and then neighbor La Dega and I will be sure to quarrel as to which vein the parent one belongs to; we shall go to law, and then, like the monkey in the fable, the lawyers

then, like the monkey in the fable, the lawyers will take all the silver and give us the worthless refuse; but by this marriage, you see, we can settle matters amicably."

Great was the anger of the girl when the old man announced her future fate to her. She had always been a quiet little thing, and the father had never for a moment imagined that she would dispute his will.

But Marguerite was a woman, and with all a woman's waywardness she had chosen to allow

But Marguerite was a woman, and with all a woman's waywardness she had chosen to allow her young fancy to be caught by as poor a lad as there was in the village.

A bold and mighty hunter was Marco Viedma, but as poor as a church mouse; the eldest of three brothers, the others, too, far younger than he, he was known throughout the district as a verticer of a poor. as a pattern of a man.

The parents of the three had died when Marco

The parents of the three had died when Marco was nothing but a lad, and the other two barely out of short-clothes; but, like a hero, the boy had taken up the gun of his father, the only legacy, besides the little cot on the mountain side that the hunter had left, and, although it was a long and wearisome struggle, had succeeded in keeping the wolf from the door.

The young hunter was a man fit to please any woman's eye, and being of a nature that knew not fear, possessed too of the belief that he was fully the equal of any man of his inches that trod Bolivian soil, he had not hesitated to woo the daughter of the old man, when he saw that she was favorably inclined toward him.

Marguerite, upon being informed of the choice which her aged sire had made, fell at once into a passion and bluntly declared that she would rather die than wed such a miserable old wretch; and then, impelled by indignation, she revealed that she had pledged herself to wed young Marco Viedma.

The consternation of the old man one par better.

to Viedma.

The consternation of the old man can better

be imagined than described.
"Wed that beggar!" he cried.
"An honest man!" Marguerite retorted, proudly; "can you say as much for the owner of the Little Beni, No. 2?"

'I will never consent!"
'Then I will wait until I am of age and do

"Then I will walk without it."

"I will force you to marry La Dega!"

"Force!" and the young girl drew her slender figure up proudly; "do not try that, father, for such a course will not succeed."

"At any rate, you shall not marry that

scamp!"
"We shall see!" the girl retorted, and then
she proudly walked away, as grand as any

queen.
The miser pondered over the matter and finally managed to hit upon a plan to control the ingry maid.
"I will keep her a close prisoner!" he cried,
'until she yields and consents to do my bid-

But love is fully as cunning as anger, and when the father set about his task of caging his bird he found that his trick had been anticipated and that the willful Marguerite was nowhere to

be found.

He caused instant pursuit to be made, and soon discovered that she had taken the road over the mountains to Yeho. At Yeho a distant relative resided, and the father naturally concluded that the girl had fled thither, but upon making inquiries, no traces of her could be discovered. It was evident that she was secreted somewhere in the mountains; and then old Lasca made a discovery that caused his hair to stand on end. Marguerite had taken with her the title-deeds of the Little Beni mine!

In case of any dispute with the Little Beni No.
2, without deeds defeat was certain. In the place of the deeds the girl had left a brief note, worded thus:

"Dear Father-When you repent of your madness and wish me to return, seek Marco Viedma" Brief indeed, and very unsatisfactory.
The old man chafed and fretted, for he knew all well the terms that Marco would demand, two mines, evidently rendered suspicious by the

light of the girl. In case of a quarrel without the title deeds he could not hope to hold his ground, and so he burried to the young hunter and tried to barrain with him. ain with him.
But, Marco was inflexible; one reward only

he asked-Marguerite, and, finally, the old man Away then to a secluded mountain cave on the banks of the Beni river Marco and his two brothers hurried; in this secure retreat he had

But, as they ascended the mountain side, one of the violent storms common to the Andes suddenly arose; the river swelled into a mighty flood, and, as if by magic, filled all the mountain

By a miracle, almost, the three escaped the fury of the torrent and gained the mouth of the

A fearful sight met their eyes.

Within, on a bed of leaves, the young girl lay sleeping, and by her side crouched a huge jaguar, who had been driven into the cave by

the rising waters.

To shoot, the hunters dared not, for fear that their bullets might not prove fatal, and the beast in his fury injure the unconscious maid.

In his pouch he had a bit of candle and some To draw the bullet from his gun, light the

fuse of the cartridge, plant it in the muzzle of his piece and then discharge it into the side of the beast was but the work of a moment. The cartridge, exploding in a shower of sparks, frightened the huge beast almost out of its senses. With a fearful yell he sprung from the cave into the torrent, the most astounded jaguar that ever wore a skin.

The Sorata district, at the time of which we write, few richer men were there than old Pedro Lasca, the owner of the Little Beni mine; as big a miser, too, as any man in the district, or in all Bolivia either, for that matter; and yet this stolid money-bags possessed as fair a daughter as could be found in all the valleys of